

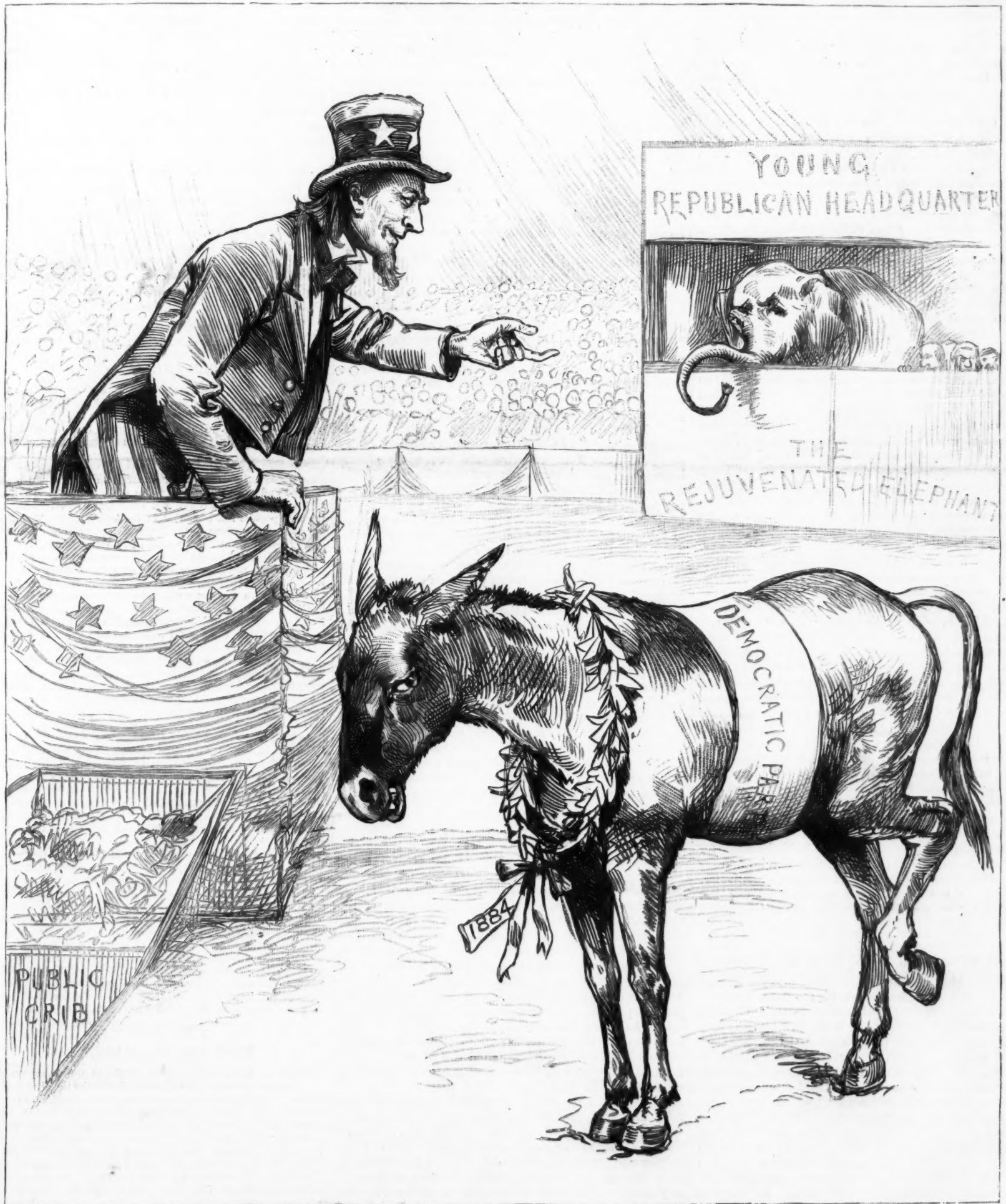
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,684.—Vol. LXV.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 24, 1887.

[PRICE, With Supplement, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



UNCLE SAM'S "GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH."

UNCLE SAM—"The show is about to begin, gentlemen. Here, you see, is the Democratic trick mule. Now bring on the rejuvenated elephant."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.

IT is the traditional English Christmas, somebody has said, when no man should go hungry. From the banquets and generous alms of mediæval times to the feasting of rich and poor pictured by Dickens, and with more refinement by Thackeray, the English Christmas tradition has crowned the day with good cheer. On the first Christmas Day of the Puritans in New England the tradition was sternly ignored, and "no man rested all that day," yet, at night, "the master caused us to have some beer." This was the only touch of the English Christmas which was presently to triumph over asceticism, and reign as gloriously among the Puritans as among the Knickerbockers and descendants of the Cavaliers. No Englishman has described Christmas with sympathy more ample than that of an American—Washington Irving—and with Irving the doing good to others was an essential of the day's good cheer. And this we believe is true of our own time. The "realistic" writer who would picture Christmas in New York must tell of Christmas charity and Christmas wassail going hand-in-hand.

We have always with us the pessimist, who would have us think of Christmas as a day of perfunctory gift-making and selfish enjoyment. He insists that Christmas gifts are reckoned up like debts or credits, that their bestowal is an onerous tax upon the endurance of women and the pocketbooks of men, and that even the Christmas card has become a grievous burden. And yet even he, if he could see the happiness which gifts bring to many a Mission or Home on Christmas Eve, would confess that this more than counterbalances the exceptions of forced observance of a beautiful custom which he would make the rule. This is a kindlier world than we sometimes dare believe. Misery there is in abundance, and yet there are always generous, helping hands. The other day a very old woman and her daughter were found starving in a dismal attic. Within twenty-four hours after their plight was made known they were surrounded with food and comforts, and their empty purse was filled with two hundred dollars. The poor wretch who tried to hurl himself from the Brooklyn Bridge because he could not bear to see his children starve took a less gloomy view of human nature when he found help of all kinds pouring in upon him as soon as the necessity which he was too proud to reveal was understood. It is not too much to say that no one in the great City of New York who will make his or her wants known on this Christmas Day need be without some share in the day's festivity. We have transplanted and realized the old English tradition that Christmas is the day when no man shall go hungry.

And thus it is that the work of the Associated Charities of New York forms a feature of Christmas than which none is nobler or more closely allied to the meaning of the day. There are beautiful instances of individual charity which provide lodging-houses or what not with Christmas trees and Christmas dinners, but there must be association and organization, as well as individual charitable impulse. The work of the Associated Charities, with their ramifications and connections extending over the city, implies a generous and willing support. Of this kind of Christmas-gift-making the world hears little. The baron who spread a feast for the poor in his castle on Christmas Eve was a more romantic figure than the business man who quietly sends his check to a mission, or guild, or hospital, but his gift is likely to be more useful, and surely his Christmas cannot be called a day of merely selfish enjoyment. The thoughtless poor are prone to be unjust to the well-to-do, but the fraternal spirit is more general than they know, and it has no better illustration than the existence of Christmas cheer for all. Fraternity means love, we are told, and love means charity, and charity is the central truth of Christianity. Whatever the hardships and inequalities of our lot, Christmas should prove to us all that this is a Christian country.

THE NEXT STEP FORWARD.

THE next step for Congress to take towards the national defense is to provide for the erection of suitable fortifications at the mouth of every important harbor. It is impossible to protect our coast with ships of any size or cost; it can be protected only by guns of the heaviest calibre, mounted on earthworks and steel forts so located as to sweep off any hostile fleets that approach.

We have already, during this Administration, made creditable progress towards a navy; and it is probable that light and swift cruisers would be far more valuable in case of an assault than any vessels like the *Terror* and *Invincible* could be. It is now agreed by naval architects that it would be wise at present to confine ourselves to the construction of vessels costing less than \$1,000,000 each, because these will always be useful, in peace or war; whereas methods of building the heaviest ships are changing so fast, that it is wise to permit France and England to waste money in experiments.

The science of coast fortification is more mature. It

is, approximately, what sort of fortresses must be built on Staten and Coney Islands to command the entrance to our harbor for the next half-century, and these cannot be too soon begun, especially as Secretary Whitney's reconstruction of the Washington Navy Yard will soon enable us to obtain steel forgings and armor at the lowest price and with the least delay. Congress should make a heavy appropriation for seacoast defense before it votes on any other important measure.

PENDING MEASURES OF FINANCE.

A NUMBER of schemes of finance have already been introduced in Congress, the majority being, as usual, unworthy of the serious consideration of financial men. A brief measure, however, introduced by Senator McPherson, and already once passed by the Senate, is worthy of commendation, because it is an act of simple justice to the National Banks. It provides, only, that these banks shall be allowed to circulate their notes to the par amount of the Government bonds which they are required to place on deposit as security for their circulation. As they were allowed to circulate ninety per cent. of the total value of bonds deposited, when these bonds sold at par, it is manifest that a permitted circulation of one hundred per cent. when the deposited bonds are at a premium of twenty per cent. would leave the banks in a less advantageous position than when the National Banking Act was passed.

Perhaps the most meritorious financial measure now before Congress is that reintroduced by Senator Aldrich. This Bill, which is in principle the same as the Hewitt Bill, introduced last year, would practically dispose, in large part, of the surplus revenue. Its main purpose is to anticipate the payment of a portion of the interest on the \$738,000,000 of the public debt which falls due in 1907. The measure provides for the substitution of new bonds bearing two and a half per cent. interest for all the bonds now bearing four per cent., and the present payment of the equivalent of the remaining interest with the surplus funds the Government now has on hand.

As the public debt, upon which the Government now pays four per cent. interest, does not mature until twenty years from this date, the amount of the interest, the payment of which would be anticipated under the Aldrich Bill, would be \$167,000,000. As the Government has this interest to pay in yearly installments, it would suffer no disadvantage in paying its equivalent now. A surplus revenue is accumulating at the rate of about \$100,000,000 per annum, for which the Government has no present use. But while the Government gains nothing by holding on to this \$167,000,000, the security-holders, under this Bill, would have the advantage of the use of this large sum, and of the profit and interest that might accrue upon it in private hands. The Government loses nothing by parting with the money, while by this policy it would be made available to the public for twenty years in the development and promotion of business interests. The two-and-a-half per cent. bonds would sell in the market at about par, and would, of course, be substituted for the present four per cent. bonds placed on deposit by the National Banks.

Under the proposed Bill the new bonds would be made payable in amounts not exceeding in the aggregate \$100,000,000 in one year, so that the last series of them would become payable about 1915. Of course no Government could pay \$738,000,000 of its debt in one year. But this financial measure, with all its good points, would dispose of the accumulation of the surplus revenue for about one year and three-quarters. Its object, hence, is to afford relief in this direction only until legislation has been perfected that will make that relief permanent. That relief can be best secured by the reduction of the duties upon many of the common necessities of life and the reduction or total abolition of the tax on tobacco.

THE EXCLUSION OF ANARCHISTS.

THE practical expulsion of anarchists from the national domain will be strongly urged during the present session of Congress. There is little doubt that some well-digested measure conforming to the spirit of the Constitution would meet with the general approval of all sensible Americans, and of our foreign-born citizens as well. The initial movement was taken, and quite appropriately, too, in the City of Chicago, at a banquet of the Union League Club, during the excitement following the deeds of murder and violence so recently expiated by judicial process. The suggestions then made have assumed form in a Bill which is to be introduced by Congressman Adams, of Illinois, and its provisions seem to strike at the root of this imported evil of anarchism as fostered by aliens who have come here to set all society at defiance. It provides, in brief, that the President shall direct the expulsion of any alien, upon notification from any District Attorney, supported by evidence, in writing, of at least three reputable citizens, that such alien has aided, advised or encouraged the destruction of property or murder of any officer of the law, or has attempted to overthrow the laws or excite domestic violence in any State. The order of expulsion shall be executed by a Marshal of the United States, and if the offender shall refuse to obey such order, it shall be the duty of the Secretary of State to cause him to be arrested and conveyed beyond the national borders, and if he

shall return to this country he shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than three years, and at the expiration of such imprisonment he shall again be conveyed out of the country, and not permitted to return until such Executive order be revoked. There is still another and yet more summary proceeding provided for. It is this: That whenever the President shall so adjudge, and the public safety require, it shall be lawful for the Executive to cause any such alien to be arrested without notice and conveyed beyond the national boundaries.

It will be observed that the remedies proposed are not unlike those in vogue in nearly all the great States of Europe; and indeed the proscription of aliens by this Bill is much milder in form, extent and spirit than our anti-Chinese legislation, and much less severe than the exclusion of pauper emigration from the port of New York—a power so often and shamefully abused.

We do not see that it can be reasonably objected that such a national statute would be undemocratic, inhospitable or contrary to the spirit of our institutions. There is no attempt to abridge freedom of speech. It simply deals with conspiracy against the common weal—with those who are accessories before the actual commission of a criminal act; and it is plain to every citizen that this question must be met in some such decisive, yet perfectly fair and explicit, manner. The alien and sedition laws during the early days of our young republic, when the French Revolution was in full sway, gave rise, it is true, to fierce political strife, and divided parties and patriots on questions of political morality and personal freedom, but the dawn of anarchy had not then been proclaimed by the fiercest of the monsters who appeared to threaten our national existence.

The irresponsible mendicants, the beer-sodden preachers of license, and wild-eyed dreamers who delude the unfortunate, who proclaim idleness, violence and dynamite, are no less a curse than the meanest criminals. If they cannot be reached under existing laws, let the National Legislature enact a measure at once wholesome and judicious, surrounding it with all of the safeguards of personal liberty so prized on American soil, and with such restrictions as a regard for the sovereignty of the States may require, but embodying positive provisions adequate to the suppression of the evil aimed at.

A NOBLE USE OF WEALTH.

THE growth of great fortunes in this country does not necessarily cause envious discontent among the intelligent poor. This depends upon the means of acquisition and the use made of great opportunities. Where vast fortunes are employed in the service of humanity, their owners are seldom objects of popular prejudice. There are not a few illustrations of this fact. One such is furnished in the case of the present generation of Vanderbilts, whose active and generous interest in the life and needs of railroad and other working men has made the name synonymous with genuine philanthropy. But of all great New York fortunes, the most popular has been that of the Astor family. The gifts of successive generations to the Astor Library, and other benevolent deeds, have redeemed this wealth; and yet, perhaps, the family owes the largest measure of popular respect to the work done within twenty years by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, whose example of the practically benevolent use of great wealth lives after her.

Charity with Mrs. Astor was not a matter of signing checks and disclaiming further responsibility. She was esteemed the leader in New York society, but her face was known and her gracious presence welcomed in the squalid tenements of Avenue A. She was a generous and indefatigable friend of the Children's Aid Society. For twenty years she personally supported the industrial school which she founded among poor Germans on the east side, where every destitute family, it is said, knew her personally. She was a friend of the newsboys, and one of her last public acts was to provide the Thanksgiving dinner at the Duane Street Home, and to give the money necessary to send one hundred boys to country homes. In the last ten years, 1,413 destitute boys have found homes by means of her bounty. Her interest in the Woman's Hospital was manifested in frequent visits to the wards, inquiring into the wants of patients, and substantial care for their comfort. Her large contributions to other charities and good works, including the education of Northwestern Indians, were seldom heralded, but they were directed with wisdom as well as generosity. The foundation of a Cancer Hospital by Mrs. Astor and one or two others is still fresh in the public mind.

Mrs. Astor's charities were not perfunctory, but they were intelligent expressions of sympathy with the unfortunate. Mere giving is easy for the rich. It is not so common to find giving accompanied by Mrs. Astor's warm interest in humanity and personal endeavor to make giving a practical means of doing good. This sympathy gained her friends who will mourn her death in many a tenement-house where one might look for unreasoning denunciation of "capitalists." Such is the power of a noble use of wealth. Mrs. Astor, despite her pre-eminent advantages, has never been the target of popular envy and ill-will. The Astor fortune has not been popularly regarded as an injustice and an evil. In these days of misunderstandings between capitalists and working-men, the example of Mrs. Astor's life should teach a lesson.

FAIR TRADE IN ENGLAND.

THERE is no longer any room for doubt that many people in England are very much dissatisfied with the practical workings of Free Trade in that country, and disposed to seek relief from acknowledged evils by a return to the system of Protection. For a time the advocates of a change disguised their proposal under the name of "Fair Trade," but they no longer hesitate to avow themselves Protectionists. The movement has broken out among the Tories, to the great disgust of their Liberal-Unionist allies in the fight against Home Rule, and it is not unlikely that the coalition by means of which the former are able to have their way in Ireland will in a short time be broken up. Among the Unionist leaders is John Bright, the great apostle of Free Trade, who would far sooner give way to Home Rule and the restoration of Gladstone to power than see Protection once more introduced in England. But the reformers, since their success in the late Tory caucuses at Oxford,

have grown bold, and they propose to agitate the question throughout the kingdom. That such a movement should spring up in England just at the time when, according to Free Trade advocates, there should not be the least occasion for it, may well fix the attention of all civilized nations. And this it is likely to do more and more until it is finally disposed of. It is not a little singular, too, that the British stomach should be perturbed by the Free Trade nostrum at the very moment when America is being urged to gulp it down as a sure panacea for all political, industrial and financial ills.

CATHEDRAL OR COFFEE-HOUSES?

THE proposition now before the public to build a great Protestant Cathedral in New York has called forth a great deal of criticism, mostly of an unfavorable kind. One of the latest writers on the subject says, with manifest forgetfulness of a solemn incident in the life of Mary Magdalene, that it would be much better to spend the money this proposed cathedral would cost in erecting coffee-houses where entertainment for body and mind might be had by the very poor. It was undoubtedly a good work to offer wholesome and comfortable sitting-rooms, with well-prepared food at a low price, to those who are now compelled to put up with miserable fare and sordid surroundings, and all who engage in this work are benefactors; but the choice does not lie, as seems to be implied, between leaving the poor without decent food and putting up a great cathedral. Neither is it proposed to tax the public in any way for the great building. This is to be built, if built at all, by the voluntary contributions of persons able to give the money, and the question of good coffee for poor people has no more to do with the matter in hand than the question of international copyright.

Public attention has been called to the proposition, because to bring it before those who might be interested, it was necessary to make it public; but the contributions will be from private persons, who are at liberty to spend their money in the way that seems to them best.

It may be doubted by many whether a great cathedral would do good commensurate with its cost; whether it might not be better for the cause of religion to build twenty or thirty small churches rather than one great temple. This doubt must have suggested itself to those who have undertaken the enterprise, and they have resolved it in their own way, perhaps quite as wisely as it could have been done for them. There is something to be said for and against each proposition. A vast cathedral might not be so useful in some respects as a number of smaller churches, scattered over a wide area, but it would be incomparably more impressive and venerable than these, and would, so far, present a more adequate embodiment of the religious idea. Nor would it be easy to overestimate the influence for good of a mighty structure worthily typifying to all men the undying spiritual life that reared it. What serious man, indifferent as he may be to the services of the Church, would not feel that a glory had faded from his life if he found the well-known temples of religion, Christian or Jewish, gone from their places as he walked the streets?

Every great and noble work given to the public eye is a gift to each individual, rich or poor. The power of it is in the incarnate idea. To the seeing eye and the understanding heart it is a presence and a possession for ever; and of all the wonderful works which, being silent, yet speak, none subdues at once and touches and uplifts the striving heart of man like the fane in whose atmosphere is immortality.

There is evil enough in the Christian world, for Christians are also men. How many have honestly asked themselves what the Christian world might have been without St. Paul's, and Notre Dame, and Cologne Cathedral, and the Dome of Michael Angelo?

AN APPROPRIATE OFFERING.

THE Hospital Saturday and Sunday Collections ought to receive a special impulse this year from the fact that they occur on the anniversary of the birth of Christ. Of all works of benevolence, none is so distinctively Christian as the hospital, none so closely associated with the work of Him who was Physician no less of the bodies than of the souls of men. There are many modern institutions directly due to Christianity, of which the idea may yet be found in the minds of profound thinkers before the time of Christ; not so the hospital. To the Greeks, with all their care for and worship of the body, the thought of such an institution could not have occurred. That the physical sufferings of the poor should be alleviated at the expense of the rich would have seemed folly to them, since the perpetuating in life and a degree of comfort of bodies which were diseased or maimed was in their minds highly undesirable. It is one of the essentially Christian paradoxes that the faith which teaches that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with future happiness is the faith which impels to the relief of suffering at whatever personal expense. It was the Anchorites, who macerated and flagellated their own bodies, who made it the business of their lives to care for the bodies of the poor and suffering, and through whom the hospital became a recognized necessity of civilization.

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association has for the past eight years been endeavoring to foster this Christian impulse to benevolence, and to distribute its results in the wisest and most equal manner. From the first it has commanded the confidence of the people; the number of its auxiliaries has continually increased, and its contributions have rapidly augmented. Beginning in 1879 with a collection of \$26,455, it has collected and distributed in seven years ending last February more than \$250,000—distributing the amount, so far as undesignated, among the twenty-eight hospitals which have associated themselves with its work.

The question has been raised—it was started first in London, which has also its Hospital Saturday and Sunday—whether the method of general collections fostered by this Association is not inimical to the real interests of hospitals, tending to divert from them special gifts and bequests. This question has been thoroughly investigated by the Association, and the result showed a great enlargement of accommodation in the associated hospitals, an important increase of invested funds, and a very considerable increase of occasional contributions during the time covered by the Association's work; proving that its system, by awakening public interest, has indirectly, even more than directly, contributed to the support of hospitals. To the question whether this large increase of provision for charity patients is not an economic and even a benevolent error, discouraging the impulse to self-help, and encouraging the poor to accept charity, the answer is equally decided. During the period covered by this work, while the number of charity patients has increased thirteen per cent., the increase in the number of paying patients has been something more than seventeen per cent. To the justification of success as a method is, therefore, added the justification of desirability as to result.

The reports of the associated hospitals for the past year show that their expenses above all income from invested funds and from city appropriations were nearly three hundred thousand dollars.

This amount has to be met by private contributions, including the collections of Hospital Saturday and Sunday. Surely, on the blessed Christmas Eve no one will pass by the box in store or shop or public thoroughfare without dropping in some tithe of the amount designed for festive purposes; surely, on the Merry Christmas morning each hand will give bountifully for the relief of that class whose appeal, while He was on earth, was never made in vain. So will the Christmas-tide become a hallowed and doubly joyful time by the gratitude of "the least of these" whom He called his brethren.

A NUMBER of Boston women have started a movement asking for a law increasing the age of legal protection for girls. This has recently been done in England, as the result of some very damaging disclosures made regarding the state of morals in London and other large cities. While it is not to be supposed that the same state of affairs exists in this country, there can be no objection to a uniform law on the subject, with the increase of age asked for. We are not without similar fault, as the recent exhibit of affairs in the lumber regions of Wisconsin demonstrated.

MR. POWDERLY'S death or permanent disability would be a national calamity. We may not agree that everything he has done has been wise—he is only human like other men—but his influence over the Knights of Labor has, on the whole, been salutary. He has been conservative when the temptation to assent to extreme measures has been very great, and he has stood firm for principles of justice and temperance when the pressure to yield has been almost irresistible. The Order of Knights of Labor is coming upon critical times now, and it needs Powderly's steady hand to guide it.

It is to be hoped that the Bill which proposes a thorough revision and simplification of the pension laws, which is now being prepared, will receive early and favorable attention at the hands of Congress. These laws are now in many respects incongruous, and some of them are so framed as to shelter serious abuses, which have, by sufferance, become a part of the system. The revision should not only remove all ambiguities, but in the matter of the proofs required of applicants should abolish many of the red-tape regulations which now impose unnecessary expense and annoyance without in the least furthering the ends of justice.

THE teetotalers are a forth-putting people, busy in season and out of season—especially out of season. They are already at the door of Congress asking for the appointment of "an impartial national commission" to inquire into and report upon the alcoholic liquor traffic. How will an impartial commission be had? Its members must not be regular tipplers, of course, for such might not be "impartial"; nor, for the same reason, could they be teetotalers. They might, perhaps, be moderate drinkers of cider in its fourth week. But what could be learned about the liquor traffic by such an esteemed body of temporizers that is not known already?

THE indications are that the Democrats in Congress will not follow out, very closely, the tariff recommendations of the President. It is believed that the tax on tobacco will be abolished, and that the tariff reductions will not be of such a character as to seriously cripple any important domestic industry. Some leading Democrats are quoted as declaring that "the President's Message was a mistake politically, and that it seriously compromised his own position and weakened the chances of his party," and it is quite possible that such will be the outcome. Much, however, will depend upon the action of the Republicans as to the general question of the surplus and tariff taxation.

THERE has been a large reduction of freight-rates on railroads west of Chicago. On some roads the reduction amounts to twenty-five per cent., and covers not only through freights, but distance tariffs, in the States of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri. It is estimated that the annual decrease in earnings, as the result of these reductions, will be not less than \$10,000,000, while it is possible that it may reach double this sum. Cheaper rates may, however, swell the volume of business, and if they shall be maintained, and the roads will abstain from the cutthroat practices too often resorted to in the sharp rivalries of traffic, the general outcome of the policy may prove to be more satisfactory than is now supposed.

MR. EUSTIS, of Louisiana, has introduced in the United States Senate a Bill to provide for a celebration, in the Spring of 1889, of the Centennial of the United States Constitution. It authorizes the President to invite the Presidents, Chief-Justices and Ministers of the fifteen Spanish-American republics to visit Washington and take part in the celebration, and provides for a Board of nine commissioners who shall make all needful arrangements for the occasion. The sum of \$300,000, or so much of that sum as may be required, is to be appropriated to meet all necessary expenses. In the House, a resolution has been introduced providing for a select committee to consider the propriety of celebrating, in 1889, the Centennial of the Constitution, and in 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

THE colors of the New York Yacht Club are known and honored in every port on this side of the Atlantic, but their prestige has not yet impressed itself upon the unspeakable Turk. Therefore, when the *Alta*, in which Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt is making the tour of the world, steamed up the Dardanelles recently, flying the red and navy blue, she created a sensation. Among the Turks, the difference between a private yacht and a government cruiser is more marked than with us, and they mistook the *Alta* for a war-vessel. A shot or two across her bows from the forts on the shore suddenly checked her free and independent career, and there was a stoppage of several days before satisfactory mutual explanations came about. The captain of the *Alta* has now learned the flag etiquette prevailing in the Dardanelles, where only "tramp" steamers and traders flying the flag of the merchant marine are permitted to pass the forts. When in doubt, hoist the Stars and Stripes.

AMONG the wheels-within-wheels of French politics, one of the most important seems to be the Panama Canal. Those who watched the French markets during the period of suspense immediately preceding the election of a President discovered that Panama shares declined as the prospects of M. Ferry, who the representatives of the company boasted would give them the Government's sanction for their new lottery scheme, declined, but that after the election of M. Sadi-Carnot they advanced, and in a single week their gain in price was sixty-eight francs. This is easily explained. Aside from the fact that M. Ferry entertained all his political friends to vote for M. Sadi-Carnot, it is remembered that a year or two ago, when the latter was Minister of Finance in the De Freycinet Cabinet, he

avored M. de Lesseps's appeal for permission to issue a lottery loan under the protection and sanction of the Government. Those directly interested in the Panama Canal are numerous enough almost to constitute a respectable party themselves. There are 400,000 holders of shares and bonds, representing an indebtedness of \$334,000,000, and they are clamoring for Government aid, fearing that without it the capital invested may be wiped out. But the scheme is now in such bad shape that the French Government itself cannot save it even if it should put in \$113,000,000 of cash. The most it can do is to postpone the final collapse, and a failure now will bring far less distress than it will a year or two hence.

In the last fifteen years architecture in this country has shared the development of other branches of art, and has come to be honored as a profession, instead of being regarded as a rule-of-thumb trade. In this time many young men have returned from the Paris Beaux-Arts, where they have had excellent training, and the influence of the new blood has been strongly felt. There is, of course, no "American school" of architecture. The late H. H. Richardson, who has scattered the solid round arches of the Romanesque Order over the country, perhaps came nearer to founding a school than any one else. Much was made of the miscalled "Queen Anne" style for a time, and many of its eccentricities, together with adaptations of colonial effects, still continue. At all events, our architecture offers much variety, which is illustrated in the exhibition of the American Architectural League, composed chiefly of the younger architects, at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. This is the first independent exhibition held by the League. It presents plans for public buildings and monuments, dwellings, warehouses, and the competitive designs for a clock-tower, and also examples of ornamental designs for use in applied architecture. This exhibition brings architecture forward as an art, and its effect is good. It is pleasant to note that an opening reception was given to Mr. R. M. Hunt, in recognition not only of his professional eminence, but also of his invariable kindness and generosity in advising and aiding students and young architects.

WE have already spoken of the plans under consideration in this State to correct the abuses which have arisen under the prevailing system of primary elections. The subject, we are glad to see, is also attracting attention in other quarters, notably in Ohio, where it has been determined to try what is known as the "Crawford County Plan," which originated in the county of that name in Pennsylvania. The experiment will be made, not in the whole State of Ohio at once, but by the Republicans of Cuyahoga County, of which the City of Cleveland forms a part. If it is found to work well there, it can readily be adopted in other counties, without danger of any sort of uncomfortable friction. The primary elections being placed under legal control, it is proposed that the nomination of candidates for whatever offices are to be filled at the next ensuing elections shall be made, not by delegated conventions or caucuses, but directly by the voters themselves. One obvious advantage of this plan is that it compels candidates to come before the people and have their merits discussed before the nominating machinery is set to work. The effect of this is to bring the best and strongest men to the front and drive the weaklings to the rear. It has been proved by experience under this plan that from 75 to 90 per cent. of the voters take part in the nominations, whereas under the caucus system only a few can be induced to act, and the danger always is that the least worthy candidate will secure the nomination. We shall watch this experiment in Ohio in the hope that it will throw light upon a most perplexing subject.

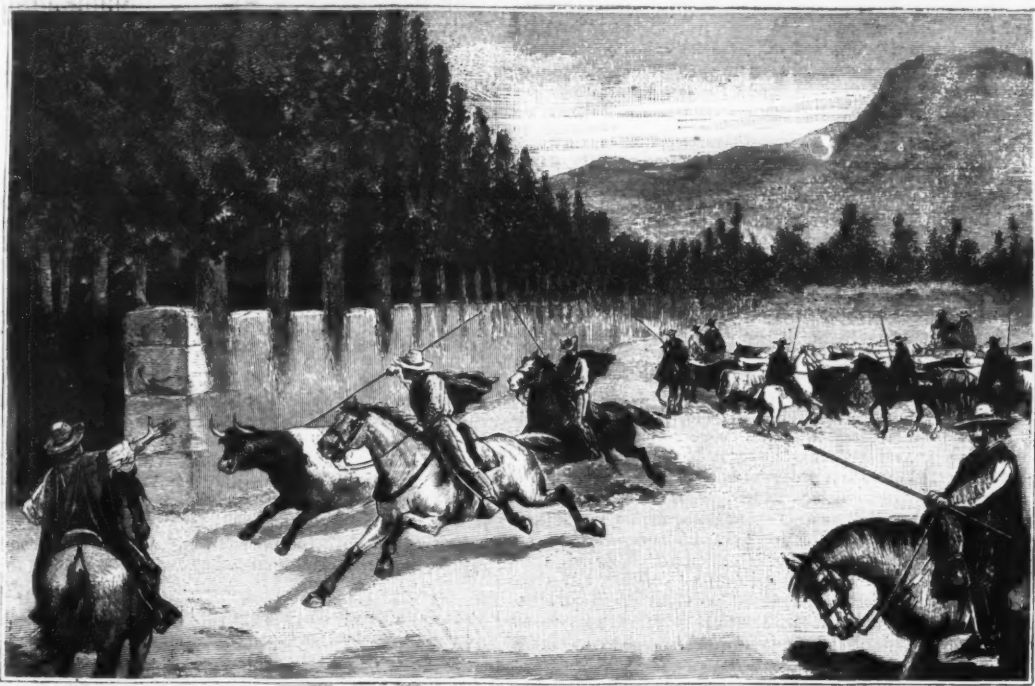
THE Fisheries Conference has adjourned until early in January, and it is no longer denied that the negotiations have so far resulted in failure. So far as can be ascertained, the obstacle to an agreement is found in certain demands of Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian Commissioner, for a treaty of absolute reciprocity. It appears that at the outset it was proposed on our behalf to the British Commissioners that the same privileges be accorded American fishing-vessels in Canadian ports that are accorded Canadian fishing-vessels in our ports, the one to be considered reciprocal to the other. To this the British Commissioners responded with a counter-proposition, to the effect that they would grant what was asked for our fishing-vessels, and also the right to fish in the Canadian inshore fisheries, if the United States would conclude a new reciprocity treaty similar to that of 1854. To this the American Commissioners demurred that the rights for which we contend are natural rights; that we did not want the inshore fisheries, and that if we did, we did not propose to purchase the right we claimed, but that we would be willing to refer the question of those rights, with the three-mile limit question, to arbitration; and, finally, that this matter must be disposed of before the question of reciprocity could be taken up. It is at this point that the negotiation was suspended, and as our Commissioners will not surrender their position, there is little reason to hope that an agreement will be arrived at, although it is understood that the recess will be employed by the British Commissioners in sounding Canadian opinion and ascertaining whether any concessions would be likely to find approval.

THE agitation in favor of the reform of existing abuses connected with funerals and burials has resulted in the formation, in New York city, of a Burial Reform Association, with Bishop H. C. Potter as President, and a number of distinguished divines and laymen as associate officers. The object of the Association is to unite all who claim to be Christians in an effort to encourage burial in perishable coffins in the simple earth, to simplify and cheapen funeral and mourning ceremonials, and to secure ample tracts of suitable ground for purposes of interment. It also proposes the following among other reforms: The use of plain hearse; the disuse of crape, scarfs, feathers, velvet trappings, etc.—"avoiding the use of heathen emblems and all floral decorations excepting a few cut flowers; discouraging eating and drinking at funerals, and any but immediate members of the family attending the body to the grave; opposing the idea that all club or society money must be spent in the obsequies of deceased members; the encouragement of the removal, in crowded districts, of the body of a dead person to a mortuary, instead of being retained in the room occupied by the living; and the impressing upon officers of public charities and correction the propriety and duty of giving decent burial to the poorest." Reasonable, undoubtedly, as these proposed reforms are, it is too much to expect that they will be generally introduced, at least for some time to come. The great obstacle in the way of a real reform is, of course, the example set by the rich. These could easily bring about a change in public opinion as to the whole subject, if they would only consent to forego the pomp and ostentatious display which too generally distinguish the obsequies of the wealthy. Let the poorer and middle classes, so called, once understand that carriages, flowers, crape, and other former accessories of burials, are no longer fashionable, and they will speedily adopt the reform, thereby saving money absolutely necessary, in many cases, for the support of dependent families.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 310.



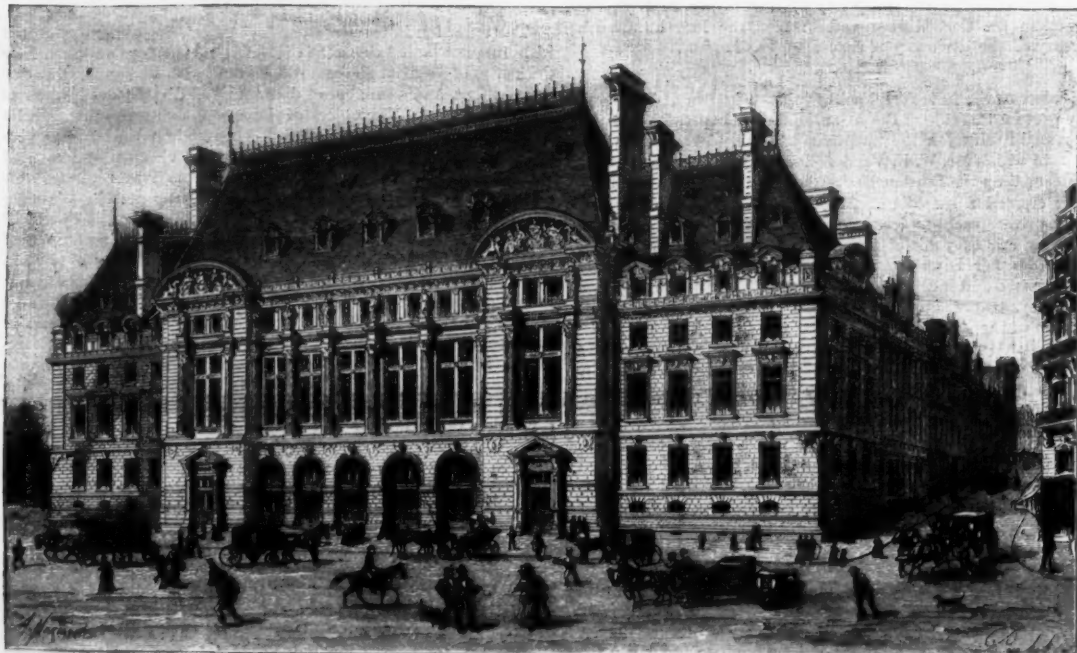
GERMANY.—PROF. THEODORE MOMMSEN, THE HISTORIAN, AGED SEVENTY YEARS.



CHILE.—GAUCHOS CORRALING WILD CATTLE.



GERMANY.—CZAR ALEXANDER III. OF RUSSIA AT BERLIN.



FRANCE.—THE NEW SORBONNE—FAÇADE UPON THE RUE DES ÉCOLES, PARIS.



FRANCE.—M. L'HOSTE, THE AERONAUT, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN LOST WHILE ATTEMPTING TO CROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR.

ONE of the most prominent, and one of the most gracious, figures of New York society, was removed by the death of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, at her home, on Monday evening of last week. She will be mourned by hundreds who knew her only through her broad charities, no less than in those circles of wealth and culture which her brilliant personality adorned.

Mrs. Astor was a daughter of Thomas S. Gibbes, a Southern merchant who came to New York from Savannah, Ga., and settled at St. John's Park, when that was the fashionable quarter of New York, some forty years ago. Her mother was a sister of Mrs. John C. Hamilton. She was married to John Jacob Astor in 1845, being then in her twentieth year. Their only son, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, ex-Minister to Italy, was born the following year. Young Mrs. Astor was a slender brunette, with the soft voice and cultivated manners of the refined Southern woman of her day. She had received a remarkably thorough home education, and her gifts added to her charm of manner and person. She naturally became at once a prominent figure in the circle of New York society of that day, and during the past quarter of a century her supremacy has been undisputed. From the first she became interested in charitable work, and her munificence has been continuous. As years went by and Mrs. Astor advanced in life, her interest in charities only increased. One of her last acts was the bestowal of funds to erect the new Cancer Hospital, recently opened.

Mrs. Astor was a woman of deep piety, broad sympathies and wide culture. She was well versed in literature, and delighted to gather around her people eminent in art, science and letters. She read not only in English, but in French, German and Italian, with which languages she was well acquainted, having traveled extensively in Europe. She was especially interested in those studies which have a practical bearing upon the welfare of humanity. Her influence was benign, and she did not exercise the power of her social position to excite envy or rivalry by extravagant display. The Astor Summer home in Newport is as well known as the large brick mansion at Thirty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Astor was a member of Trinity Church, and her funeral, last Thursday, was held at the Trinity Chapel, in Twenty-fifth Street.

THE POULTRY EXCHANGE SHOW.

THE remarkably interesting and varied show of poultry, pigeons, "toy" dogs, and household pets generally, which has occupied the Madison



NEW YORK.—THE LATE MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

PHOTO. BY KURTZ.

Square Garden for several days, constituted the first annual exhibition of the New York Poultry Exchange. The officers of the Exchange, of which Mr. Mark M. Pomeroy is President, are practical poultry men, and they exhibited a splendid collection of fowls. Among these, there were light and dark Brahmas; white, buff and partridge Cochins; dark, giant Langshaus; striped and barred Plymouth Rocks, handsome Minorcas, Wyandottes, Houdans, crested Polishes, game-birds and bantams, and some beautiful golden pheasants. Turkey gobblers strutted about gorgeously, while blue-blooded ducks and drakes paddled in artificial ponds. The poultry were elegantly lodged in wire tenements, with sandy floors, provided by Spratt's Patent, the enterprising English firm. Light and air are admitted from all sides, rendering removal by the judges for examination unnecessary. Among the fancy varieties were Jacobins, barbs, pointers, fantails, priests, booted starlings, etc.

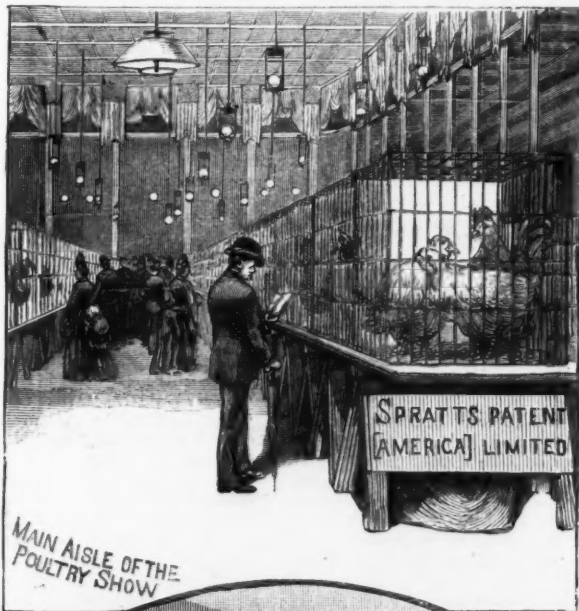
The dog-show was a collection of canine freaks and fancies. It ran all the way from pugs to Newfoundland puppies, and made room for Angora and Persian cats, guinea-pigs, flying squirrels, rabbits, and Belgian hares. J. R. Gildersleeve showed a good black-and-tan, English Jack; P. Cassidy showed Champion Ben, a Yorkshire terrier that has taken prizes at Newark, Hartford, and in this city. In the pug class was the well-known Jumbo, Jr. Blenheim spaniels were shown by Mrs. Gildersleeve, and Mr. Cassidy showed a pretty litter of Yorkshire terrier pups. Other notable specimens were J. Charles Davis's Japanese spaniel, Kobie, and Mrs. Harry Miner's black-and-tan, The Queen. Medals of gold, silver and bronze were given, together with the cash prizes; but the long lists of awards have been published in the daily papers, and need not be reproduced here.

FERRIES IN THE FOG.

SOME of the queerest and densest fog in the wide world makes itself unpleasant in the East River, a tossing stretch of water that is not a river at all, but an unruly arm of the sea, and it does this most frequently during the chilly months of the year. The fog that comes is not so comprehensive as the London article, but it is quite as exclusive, and attends strictly to its business of impeding navigation and imperiling human lives. The smoke and steam of the great cities of New York and Brooklyn weigh down the mist from the sea and plug up the East River. Sometimes the depth of a bank does little more than cover the height of a ferryboat; again it shuts out even the



IMPORTED JAPANESE SPANIEL VALUE \$5,000



"QUEEN" VALUE \$1,000



JUMBO JUNIOR VALUE \$200.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE POULTRY AND "TOY" DOG SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, DECEMBER 14TH-21ST.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.

mighty towers of the bridge, but in either case it engenders scenes like those depicted. East River ferryboats were built by men whose adoration for Robert Fulton did not permit them to improve on his style, and a fleet of these craft go plunging about in the fog, creeping and croaking, while on either shore clangs out the dull note of the fog-bell, tolling drearily its warning against danger, and guiding the ears of the pilots where their eyes are blind. Then, in the midst of this aquatic clamor—the quacking of a giant duck flock, it might be said—there comes the roar of a tug-whistle, and a cry of alarm to find echo in the snapping of bell-wires and the stinging response of engine-room gongs ordering a hasty reversal of the wheel, and the two crafts shave off the edge of a collision to go sneaking away towards a new and similar scrape. People who live in Brooklyn are so glad to get away in the morning and in such a hurry to get back at night, that they crowd by thousands on these boats, and cheerfully get as close to destruction as possible by jamming themselves into the prow until the toes of the front row protrude over the deep. This adds to the interest of a brush with the casual tug or schooner. Every foggy day gives opportunity for great disasters, but somehow the disasters stay out in the middle of the ocean where there ought to be nothing but water and room, and leave little worse than fright and excitement to the hundred thousand who daily pass and repass over the crowded, turbid stream.

JACK AND I.

I WAS so tired of Jack, poor boy,
And Jack was tired of me;
Most-longed-for sweets will soonest cloy:
Fate had been kind, and we,
Two foolish spendthrift hearts, made waste
Of life's best gifts with eager haste.

Oh! tired we were. Time seems so long
When everything goes well!
The walls of home rose grim and strong;
Like prisoners in a cell
We clanked our marriage chain, and pined
For freedom we had left behind.

Tired, tired of love and peace were we,
Of every day's calm bliss!
We had no goal to win, since he
Was mine, and I was his;
And so we sighed in mute despair,
And wished each other anywhere.

But sorrow came one day—the pain
Of Death's dark, awful fear;
Oh, then our hearts beat warm again;
Then each to each was dear:
It seemed that life could nothing lack,
While Jack had me, and I had Jack!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG LADY
AND HER THREE UNCLES.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

"B MARRIED. I attended the wedding. The bride was beautiful and talented and rich. She loved B as devotedly as ever woman loved man since the world began. I don't suppose I should complain that I lost my brother; it has been the way ever since the world began. Besides that, I tried for myself and took my chances. Defeat is a terribly comfortable thing to dine and sup and sleep with all one's days, though.

"B invited me to his new home (he had gone to live on the estate which belonged to his wife), and I went. His wife was charming. I could but admit that he was fortunate—one of the most fortunate men in all the world. I even became almost reconciled to being second in his thoughts instead of first.

"B's wife had a brother. He was a handsome fellow, cruel and crafty as he was handsome, too. I will do him and myself the justice of saying that I disliked and distrusted him from the first. Later, I came to hate and despise him.

"B's wife's brother loved the woman I idolized. I had failed. I could hardly doubt that he would win. It was terrible to lose her. It was doubly so to know that she would marry such a man as I believed him to be.

"Perhaps the villain failed, failed as I had. I could never quite make out why he should plot and scheme against me as he did when he had won all the love I had lost. But I—you—that is, well, I've been told that she didn't marry him after all. It may be that his accursed jealousy was at the bottom of all he did.

"B's house was full of company. There were many men; B's brother-in-law need not have sought a quarrel with me. There were many women; I had certainly been as much a fool as a knave if I had tried to ease my wounded heart by offering attentions where the tendering and the accepting of them were alike dishonorable. But this man did offer me such an insult as forced me to quarrel with him; I can remember, as well as though it were yesterday, how his face looked, distorted and livid with passion, as he stood and faced me after I had struck him across the cheek with my riding-whip.

"I can shut my eyes now, and see again the long white track of the cruel lash along his flushed skin. He had a knife then. He tried to use it. I woke from sleep, sometimes, with the same feeling of horror which I felt that afternoon when I thought for one long minute that he would succeed in his frenzied design, and kill me.

"I think I can imagine how you felt when I came into your room to-night. It is the feeling which a strong man feels in drowning—in fire—in accident—the wild and agonized protest against sudden death.

"They took his knife from him. They made up a peace, as they called it, between us. I took his hand—the hand that had held the knife which had been raised against my life; his hand closed over mine—over the hand which had held the whip whose blow had given agony and deadly affront. We spoke some conventional words of friendship, words which meant as much (and as little) as words usually do when they are used in treaties of

peace by powers of greater might and dignity than two obscure men, such as he and I. They meant peace, until one had the advantage of the other, or believed he had, and then they meant war, bitter war, to the end.

"I swear to you, little Maude, though, that I had no dishonorable thought in my mind. He meant war because he was cruel and treacherous; I, because in that way alone lay safety.

"Well, he struck the next aggressive blow—a coward's blow. My cheeks tingle with shame when I think of the tale he told, and I wonder that my brother ever let him finish the wicked story he poured into his ears. My brother, my dear brother, not only let him tell him that I had made mad love to his bride, under his very roof, but allowed himself to be half-persuaded that it was true.

"Alas and alas! I do not know but he was fully persuaded. One does not follow in Cain's footsteps for the sake of an angry doubt, or a foolish whim.

"He was a friend, a true friend, who came to me with the story of my enemy's falsehood and my brother's credulity.

"You'd better go," he said, "and go without saying farewell!" I told him I would consider it. Being entirely innocent, I meant to stay.

"I went to my room. There was little luggage for me to attend to. I packed what I had. I suppose it is standing in the house yet, unless age and decay have wrought their will with it.

"I opened the window and looked out. It was late in the afternoon, and a charming day. I loved the beautiful place already, but no envy of my brother came like a cloud across my soul. There was only a deep regret for the chasm that time and change had made between his life and mine, and which hate had widened. But I seemed to see across to him, strong and loving as he had always been, with the eyes of an honest faith. 'I love him, and I am true to him and his,' I said to myself, 'and our hands shall yet meet as they did when we were boys together.'

"God help me! I believed that then. I was young. The world seemed new. I believed that right would prevail at last. It was very, very long ago, Miss Maude, very long ago.

"A group of men came from the stables and paused almost directly under my window. B was one; my enemy was another. They were talking of the way in which they would spend the afternoon.

"I'll take my rifle and have a turn in the woods," said B, "and, while you're any of you welcome to go with me, I warn you that I'm out of sorts to-day and shall be a gloomy companion."

"Of course no one went with my brother after that. My enemy expressed his intention of going off, some three or four miles, in another direction, to try his luck with the fish.

"I'll confess I'm nervous—unstrung," he said, "and I should do poor work with the game in the woods; but it is a soothing and restful thing to sit under a shady bank and fish. I shall be back to a late supper, and I shall come quite rested and refreshed—quite myself again."

"The other men went indoors again, and for a time I could hear their laughter and the rattle of balls from the billiard-room.

"After a time several of them went out again, and strolled away in various directions, some going upon the lawn to flirt with the ladies, while some walked away to the woods to smoke in peace and quiet.

"It was nearly sundown when I left the house myself and walked towards the stream and the woods. On the lawn I met my brother's wife and paused by her side just long enough to say a few friendly and commonplace words. How could I guess that such a simple act would serve as the last damning 'proof of ingratitude and guilt'? How could I foresee that I was trifling with death itself as I stood talking on the sunny lawn?

"It's a queer world, Miss Maude, a queer world.

"I walked towards the stream and woods, I said. I did. I'm not a good one at describing nature, and I'll not try to paint the spot too vividly. You saw me come along by the Black Pool last evening; you know that waterfalls and pools are not uncommon. The idea you have of the one here will serve you better, perhaps, than any description I could give you of the one at my brother's home. There was a silvery stream, like the one you know here; there was a long leap of the glistening waters down into the darkness, much like your own Black Pool; there were the same steep banks, covered with evergreens, and the same terrible undertow to hold one down who fell there. They had a tradition that a strong swimmer fell there once, and never came out; I think you've such a story here.

"I crossed the stream on a rustic bridge, and as I did so, I saw my brother moving in the edge of the woods. He seemed to wish to avoid me, however, for he moved away out of sight among the trees.

"The dangerous in nature has always had a strange sort of fascination for me; I confess that the Black Pool had. I walked to the edge of the cliff above. I leaned over, holding by a tough, strong evergreen, and watched the boiling, seething waste of waters far below.

"Ping! A rifle-ball went by my head, almost brushing my cheek, and flattened itself against the rocky wall not eighteen inches from my face!

"Thought is rapid. I looked at the irregular disk of lead lying on a little projecting ledge in a shallow, cup-shaped cavity just before me, and took in the danger of the situation before the sound of the crack of the rifle reached my ears.

"Buzz! There was a sudden throb of pain in my hand, my right hand, too, with which I was holding on to the tree. The bullet had cut my fingers, making only a flesh wound, it is true, but hurting terribly and bleeding profusely.

"I fell forward. I caught blindly at stones and shrubs and grass. It was no use. In a half-

minute I was down in the depths of the Black Pool, fighting for my life. It was a terrible struggle. Sometimes I was under for so long, that I felt as though death would surely come; then I would reach the surface and get a breath of life-giving air. Then down again. Then up. So the fierce fight went on.

"I dragged myself at last from the clinging flood out upon the grass at the lower side of the pool. The pines drooped over me, dark and dense; the hurrying waters still tossed over my feet and legs, for I had only had strength to reach a place where I could rest before finding my way out of the infernal trap into which I had fallen.

"My brother was a murderer, in thought and intention, at least, so I said to myself, but I felt only the tenderest love and pity for him as I lay panting on the border of what had been selected for my nameless and unknown grave. I hated his wife's brother; he surely had poisoned my brother's mind against me; but I had only forgiveness for him who had attempted my life. Dear brother—dear friend of my childish days—how far from love and loyalty and truth he had been led! But I loved him! I loved him!

"Lying there, I took a noble resolve. I would go back to my brother. I would tell him that I loved him still. I would prove to him that I had been true and honorable. I would tell him that the terrible secret of that afternoon should rest between us two—between us and a forgiving God—for ever. I think I thanked Fate for having given me this path to the old-time love and confidence between my brother and myself. How happy we should be again, when I went back!

"When I went back! Alas for human love and human purposes! A shadow fell into the flood at my feet; it has lain across my heart and life until this day. I looked up, myself unseen, to see the face of my enemy gazing down into the pool. Hatred seemed to have given place to fear in his ghastly countenance. He was looking for me, there was no doubt of that.

"My heart sank. I must change my purpose. This wretch had evidently seen it all. And attempted murder, when it is known, is unfortunately not a crime which the law allows the intended victim to forgive and condone. My enemy would find a satisfaction in hunting one I loved to the gallows. It should never—never—never be. I would go away.

"I waited until dark. I crawled up the bank. I walked to the nearest railroad station. I sent a simple loving letter to my brother, telling him where I was going.

"How well I had foiled my foe! With the principal witness absent, what would his accusations avail against my brother's denial? And for the rest, there was my letter, written a day after the attempt upon my life; I posted it myself.

"I went to California. I have prospered. I am rich. But there is a sore place in my poor heart. I loved my brother so."

"He paused. I heard the great hall-clock strike three. My dog barked; another, a mile away, answered him. Then the silence was greater than before.

I puzzled myself for a little. Then I asked a question. "You say you are rich?"

"Yes."

"I don't quite understand what you have turned burglar for, then."

"Oh, I'm not a burglar. I only came in to-night for—for some information, and to hear the news. God knows I've heard news enough." And he bowed his head upon his hands.

"News?" said I. "What news?"

"That he is dead; that my brother is dead; Bertrand, the best and—"

I sprang up in bed.

"Bertrand? My father? Are you my uncle?"

I demanded, excitedly.

"I can't wait," he said, softly to himself. "I can't wait. It's got to be done."

With one hand he pressed me down upon my pillow; with the other he drew a small bottle from his pocket and drenched the sponge with the contents. Then he held the sponge firmly over my face, while I resisted weakly—more and more weakly still.

A sweetish, sickish taste and odor for a few seconds, until my senses of smell and taste were locked away from my soul. A terrible feeling of emptiness and pressure at my lungs; flickering lights before my eyes; a wave of darkness, with a hollow roar, sweeping relentlessly down upon me. It swept over me, and I knew no more until—

Nurse Bellette was shaking me to waken me, and the sunlighted boughs of the great tree were swaying against my closed window.

"How close and sickly your room seems this morning!" said Bellette, as she opened the window. "If I didn't know your teeth were sound I should think—"

"Well? What?"

"Nothing, love; only I cannot help thinking of—"

"Of what?" I asked, sharply.

"Chloroform."

Was it a dream or was it real, that wonderful nightmare experience of mine? That was the question I set myself to answer.

I had not much philosophy to help me, and still less experience. I knew less of dreams and visions, yes, and less of the realities of life too, than I did before I was done with the next uncle to whom I shall have the honor of introducing you!

I did not ask Bellette; I knew what she would say. I felt instinctively, remembering the day of my mother's death, that my father was no murderer. But the story of my midnight uncle had made him one.

I settled the question in my own way. It was real. I decided that, and I clung to it. There were these three reasons, at least, for my conclusion:

First. The flattened disk of lead I raked out of a cup-shaped cavity in the rocky wall at the brink

of the Black Pool. Second. The anxious and apparently unsuccessful and puzzled search my Uncle Mark made that day among the papers in his desk. Third. The unshaken belief I held that if my visitor had been the creature of my imagination, and his words the creation of my own brain, that when I tried to urge upon him, even in a dream, the importance of getting rid of Mark Dawdon, he—

Well, at least I may say he wouldn't have laughed about it.

CHAPTER III.—THE STORY OF THE UNCLE WHO COULDN'T SLEEP.

EVENTS at home were not noteworthy for months and months after my startling midnight episode. If I had really had a visit from "an uncle who went to California," there was nothing to indicate that he had not gone back again, turning his back upon his little niece, in her handsome but dangerous home, for good and all. If Mark Dawdon had lost anything of value, he had without doubt concluded to let it go, keeping his regrets, if he had any, to himself.

We walked together sometimes, my uncle and myself, but never towards my mother's grave. Jealously as he might watch it now, he never went near it himself. My visits to it were solitary ones, and almost secret ones.

We dined together sometimes, but the occasions grew more and more rare, and the conversation was confined to but few words.

Time, always fleeting, brought me to my fourteenth milestone in the journey of life.

My uncle was more silent than usual, even, the day I was fourteen, but towards the close of dinner I became aware that there was something about which he wished to speak. He began at last, with a very useless question.

"You are fourteen years old to-day, are you not, Maude?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've been thinking for some time that you are outgrowing the educational powers of Bellette."

The truth was my education had thus far been my own doing entirely. Bellette was a good nurse and a most excellent woman, and she could speak both English and French well, and write the latter fairly. Beyond that she could not go, and I knew more of the history and geography of the world, more of literature and science (wretched smattering though it was), than poor honest Bellette had ever dreamed of, while "figures and ciphering" were entirely beyond her.

Under such circumstances a denial of my uncle's proposition was impossible. I could not speak. I bowed my head in silent agreement with the too evident truth of what he had said.

He sat and looked at me for a time without speaking. I could feel his gaze upon my face, although I did not raise my eyes to meet his. I was wondering how far he would go in the path he had evidently marked out for himself; I think he was wondering whether he really dared go as far as he intended.

"I've thought you would not wish to leave home," he said. His words were a question, but his tone told me that my wishes were to govern him in that matter.

I did not wish to leave home, and I frankly told him so.

"I had thought as much," he said, gravely; "and have partly arranged for employing an instructor for you. The gentleman who has been selected is of my own mind as regards the methods of an education. You will learn literature by reading much from the works of those who have made great names for themselves in that field of life, and very little of what critics may have to say regarding the work they have done. You will learn the botany and geology of this region, going as far from home as convenient, by actual work in the field. You will learn drawing and landscape painting by actual copying of nature. You will learn the languages by speaking and reading and writing them. You will learn music and dancing—naturally. If you find you have a taste for chemistry or natural philosophy, we will have a laboratory in some room of the house. There will be no distinction between study and recitation; all work, whether with books or with real things, will be done with your teacher at your side ready to help you in every way in his power. You must not overwork. I stipulate for just six hours a day; you may select the order in which you will take up your studies; you may make your own programme; you have only to adhere to it when once made.

"In conclusion, you may remain here and study in this way, or you may go away to any of these institutions. I leave it entirely with you."

As he finished he took a half-dozen circulars and catalogues, representing as many schools for young ladies, from his pocket, and pushed them across the table to me.

It is scarcely necessary to say that I handed them back without a glance at them.

"You may engage the private teacher," said I.

(Did you ever read the poem about the spider and the fly?) (To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

MOMMEN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

PROFESSOR THEODORE MOMMEN, the great German historian, was born at Garding, in Schleswig, November 30th, 1817. His seventieth birthday, and the fiftieth year of his professorship at Berlin, have just been celebrated with fitting honors at the German capital. Should the illustrious historian of Rome happily attain to the vigorous old age of Ranke and of our own Bancroft, he has still a good twenty years' work before him.

CORRALING CATTLE IN CHILI.

An animated scene is that presented by the Chilean gauchos, engaged in corraling the young heifers of their wild herds of the pampas, in the

environs of Valparaiso. The walled inclosure is called a *rodeo*, and the cattle give these South American cowboys many a hard chase before they consent to enter the straight and narrow way.

THE CZAR AT BERLIN.

The Czar of Russia, on his way home from Denmark, last month, stopped at Berlin, where he was received with much ceremony and cordiality by his great-uncle, the Emperor William, and by Prince Bismarck. This was his first visit to the German capital since his accession to the throne of Russia. So far as any political importance may be attached to it, it was undoubtedly of peaceful significance. The Czar and Czarina arrived on the morning of the 18th ult. They were escorted from the depot to the Russian Embassy by a deputation of the royal Prussian princes and princesses, and a brilliant guard of honor. Dense crowds of people were collected in Unter den Linden, from the Brandenburg Gate to the Lehrte Depot, and the Imperial party were greeted most enthusiastically as they passed along the avenue. This scene is represented in our picture. The aged Kaiser and Prince Bismarck paid separate visits to the Czar at the Embassy. A state banquet was given at the Imperial Palace in the evening, after which the Czar and Czarina took their train for St. Petersburg at 9:30 p. m.

THE NEW SORBONNE.

The academic body of the Sorbonne, at Paris, which dates from the middle of the thirteenth century, and which down to the Revolution exercised great influence in all Church controversies, is one of the most celebrated in Europe. It was founded by Robert de Sorbon, as a theological school, in 1252, with the sanction of King (afterwards Saint) Louis IX. After innumerable vicissitudes and reorganizations, the Sorbonne is to-day an important theological school, with seven professors and a dean, these professors being named by the Minister of Public Instruction. It is, further, the seat of two other faculties of the University of Paris—those of letters and sciences. The lectures are open to the public. The original edifice of the Sorbonne disappeared two centuries ago. Its successor has now been replaced by the new and imposing structure shown in our illustration, and which completes the buildings of the Cardinal Richelieu and the architect Lemerier. The principal plans were drawn by M. Lheureux, the municipal architect of Paris.

THE MISSING FRENCH AERONAUTS.

Messrs. François L'Hôte and Joseph Mangot, two French aeronauts, who crossed the English Channel together last year from Cherbourg to Tottenham, and are 28 and 20 years of age respectively, first made an experimental trip from Mondidier, near Amiens, to Revigny (Meuse) in the balloon *Arago*, on November 6th. They were trying a new system for dispensing with the valve of the great balloon by attaching two 1,765 cubic feet balloons with very small valves to the car for graduating the emission of gas and descent. On November 13th they and a third passenger ascended at 8 a. m. from Paris, and after successfully descending and landing their passenger, with very little loss of gas, at Quillebeuf, near Honfleur, 114 miles from Paris, at noon, they quickly restarted, crossing over Tancarville and Cape d'Antifer, north of Havre. At one they were passed by the steamer *Georgette*, 42 miles from Dieppe, and at half-past four (nearly dark) were sighted somewhere off the Isle of Wight by the steamer *Prince Leopold*, from Newcastle for Lisbon. No further tidings of them have been received, and there is every reason to fear that they were blown out to sea and lost.

THE REPUBLICAN CLUBS IN CONVENTION.

THE National Convention of the Republican Clubs of the Union opened in Chickering Hall, New York, on Thursday morning of last week, remaining in session until Saturday. The attendance was overflowing and thoroughly representative, while no less harmony than enthusiasm characterized this novel assemblage, the first of its kind upon anything like a similar scale. Nearly 1,400 delegates were present, regularly representing twenty-three States and three Territories, and not one State of the Union lacked a speaker in her behalf. Apart from the accredited delegates, there were some five hundred visiting Republicans from various sections. Daniel J. Ryan, ex-Speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives, was elected temporary chairman, and some live Republican speeches followed from ex-Congressman John R. Lynch, Speaker Charles J. Noyes of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and Congressman John Dalzell, of Pittsburgh. On Friday, a complete national organization was effected, Senator William M. Evarts being chosen permanent chairman of the convention. A comprehensive platform was adopted, and the most important speeches of the convention were made by Senator Evarts, General Goff, Galusha A. Grow, John A. Kasson, ex-Congressman Horr, and many others. The platform declares strongly for Protection as against Free Trade. All references by the speakers to Mr. Blaine were tumultuously applauded. The committees accomplished their work with remarkable celerity; and when the session closed on Saturday, the Republican leaders had the satisfaction of knowing that success had crowned their efforts. The Republican League is a power, and the work of organization for next year's campaign has been practically accomplished a good six months before the regular National Convention.

THE FRENCH SITUATION.

M. JULES FERRY was not seriously injured by the shots fired at him on Saturday, the 10th inst., by the young Lorrainer named Aubertin, whose mind is undoubtedly unbalanced. Politically, the effect of the murderous attempt has been a strong reaction of opinion in M. Ferry's favor, and a consequent disturbance of the balance which it was hoped the election of President Carnot would establish. Upon the threat of resignation, as it is said, President Carnot succeeded on Monday of last week in inducing M. Pierre Emmanuel Tirard to form a Cabinet, of which M. Flourens, who returns to the Foreign Office, and M. Fallières, who takes the Department of Justice, may be said to be the only statesmen of any prominence. Neither M. Flourens nor General Logerot, the War Minister, are members of the Chamber of Deputies. The party of the Extreme Left, which made possible M. Carnot's election to the Presidency, is not

represented at all in the new Cabinet. The Radicals fiercely denounce it as simply representing the hated Opportunist leader, M. Ferry. M. Clémenceau's paper, *La Justice*, and the other Radical organs, criticize with great severity President Carnot's somewhat tame and commonplace Message. They unite in a determined attack upon the Government, which is not expected to survive the coming month. The Chamber of Deputies, however, has voted the appropriations asked by the Government; but at a meeting of Radicals and Extremists it was decided to withhold their votes from any measure implying confidence in the Ministry. The proceedings against M. Wilson, Mme. Limousin, and the rest, for complicity in the decoration scandals, have been rather suddenly quashed by the decision of the Court of Arraignment that no case has been established against them.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

A WRITER in the London *Times* says: "The Germans are rapidly developing a system of evening continuation classes which carry on education for two or three years longer. In Saxony the boys who leave the primary school, if they do not go to the higher schools, must attend for three years longer—say, until they are seventeen—continuation classes for at least five hours per week. But teaching is provided for them, and they are encouraged to attend twelve hours per week. So complete is this system, that even the waiters at the hotels up to the age of seventeen attend afternoon classes, and are taught one or two foreign languages. I take Saxony as one of the most advanced States, but the law is much the same in Württemberg and Baden, and the system is found to work so well, that it is now in contemplation to extend it to all the States of the German Empire, and Austria will probably follow suit. This is confidently expected to happen in the course of 1888. I may state as an undoubted fact that in Germany and Switzerland, and I believe in some other Continental countries, the opinion is ripening into a conviction that the education, even of the poorest class, should be continued in some form or another to the age of sixteen or seventeen. They find by experience that wherever this is adopted it gives an enormous advantage to the people in the competition of life, and, above all, trains them to habits of industry and mental application. I believe it is owing to this system of thorough education that Germany has almost extinguished that pauper and semi-pauper class which is the bane and disgrace of Great Britain."

AN AFGHAN LOVE-SONG.

THE love of Afghans is coarse, and they buy their wives; but some of their love-songs are full of the spirit of the "Song of Solomon." This is the most famous of them:

1. I am sitting in sorrow, wounded with the stab of separation, low low!
She carried back my heart in her talons, when she came to-day, my bird *khaw*, low low!
2. I am ever struggling; I am red with my blood, I am your derelict.
My life is a pang. My love is my doctor; I am waiting for the remedy, low low!
3. She has a pomegranate on her breast, she has sugar on her lips, she has pearls for her teeth:
All this she has, my beloved one; I am wounded in my heart, and therefore I am a beggar that cries, low low!
4. It is due that I should be your servant; have a thought for me, my soul, ever and ever.
Evening and morning I lie at thy door; I am the first of thy lovers, low low!
5. Mira is thy slave, his *salim* is on thee; thy tresses are his net, thy place is paradise; put in thy cage thy slanderer.
6. He who says a *ghazal* and says it on the tune of another man, he can call himself a thief at every *ghazal* he says.—This word of mine is truth.

A "ghazal" is a couplet.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

A RECENT writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* says: "Among the Lolos of Western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed, the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off. Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriages in large tents, divided into numerous separate but communicating compartments. At a given signal, so soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them. As with the maiden on the horse, and the virgin on the tree-top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor."

ENGLAND'S CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

THERE exist in England hundreds of co-operative societies, which are entirely in the hands of the working classes. They supply every article at only a trifle above cost, and largely augment the purchasing power of the small wages of the laboring classes. But these societies are, to a certain degree, still dependent upon middlemen. To bring about a reform in that respect and to minimize as near as possible the profit on sales, the "Co-operative Wholesale Society" has been founded wholly by and under the administration of the industrial classes. It supplies the co-operative societies with everything they sell, with goods at first hand, and it has its own factories, its depots for the sale of farm produce—grain, vegetables, cheese, butter, milk, etc. When reminded of the fact that these retail societies number 1,000,000 members, the reader will have an idea of not only the magnitude of their operations, but the importance of such an enterprise. The recent opening of a branch of the wholesale society at Whitechapel, which is near the People's Palace, opened by the Queen last May with so much ceremony, shows the increase of that vast association. But its operations and success can more clearly be judged when pecu-

niary results are looked at. Last year "the turnover of the wholesale society reached the enormous amount of \$30,000,000."

HE PAYS HIS WAY.

ATROPOS of the question whether the German Emperor travels free of expense on the Prussian state railways, it is now positively stated that, with but a single exception, the Emperor, as well as the members of the Imperial family, neither enjoys nor claims the privilege of free passes. That exception is the short track of the Main-Weser Railroad between Cassel and Frankfurt-on-Main, on which the Emperor alone, as successor of the Elector of Hesse, pays no car-fare either for himself and his suite, nor for baggage; the Princes and Princesses of the Imperial family are, however, deprived of this privilege. On all the other German railroads—and the Emperor, be it stated, always travels by extra train—he pays the regular tariff fare for his person and suite, as well as for the baggage. The average rate is six marks per kilometer for every axle, and in view of the fact that His Majesty travels many thousand kilometers in the course of a year, the railways have a good customer in him.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

A THOUSAND Chinamen left San Francisco for home in one day recently.

THE United States Marshal at Salt Lake has seized the Mormon Church President's office, books, ledgers, etc.

THE Jubilee presents to the Pope include 50,000 bottles of champagne. In view of the fact that he is not a wine-bibber, the wonder is what he will do with all this "juice of the grape."

QUEEN CHRISTINA has signed a decree regulating the manufacture and importation of alcohols into Spain, and prohibiting the manufacture and sale of impure alcohols for drinking purposes.

It is said that Mr. Edison keeps four hundred electric lights burning all night about his house and grounds at Llewellyn Park, N. J., where he himself frequently sits till dawn experimenting in his favorite line.

ARROW-THROWING is to be the popular amusement in England next Spring, according to the *Court Journal*. "It is called 'arrow-throwing,' for short, and is said to have been introduced by persons returning from trips to Zululand and other places where it is practiced by the natives."

A SENSATION has been caused in political and religious circles at Rome by an order of the Russian Government prohibiting the Roman Catholics of Russian Poland from sending addresses or money in presents to the Pope on the occasion of his Jubilee. The Czar and his family will also abstain from sending presents.

In reference to the decrease of woman convicts in England, it is noted that but two Refuges for Discharged Female Prisoners now exist on the tight little island, and one of these is to be closed at the end of the year. The number of women in this refuge has sunk to thirteen, most of them unfitted by their age or antecedents to benefit by probationary residence there.

TO AN admiring correspondent at New London John Greenleaf Whittier recently wrote that "Maud Muller" was not composed as a story of his own life, as has sometimes been intimated. But "Maud" has a real prototype in a country girl of whom he obtained a drink while riding by, and who modestly raked the hay up about her bare ankles while he was drinking the water.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad will soon have four tracks all the way between New York and Philadelphia. It has also straightened its line at all points marked by curves. Nearly every bridge on the entire division has been replaced by a new and more massive structure. These bridges all rest on abutments of heavy rock masonry. Substantial stone viaducts take the place of all small bridges. At several places crossings at grades have been abolished by the cutting of wide driveways through under the tracks. This was an expensive improvement. At all junction points the interlocking system of switches has been adopted.

THE Congress which met at Versailles, on the 3d inst., for the choice of a new President of the French Republic, occupied a room specially built for such gatherings in 1875. The "Salle des Sciences" is in the left wing of the old Versailles Palace, and was originally so arranged by its architect with movable walls, that the two Houses could either deliberate separately or in concert. Since the Congress of 1879, when M. Grévy was first elected, the partitions have never been replaced, and little work has been needed to prepare the hall, except to put down the carpets and number the seats. There are 878 places, while the total of Senators and Deputies reaches 884.

STATISTICS of the foreign commerce of New York for the fiscal year ending June the 30th, 1887, show that the total value of the imports was \$497,936,845, as against \$254,553,715 for all other ports of the United States. The sugar and molasses brought here were worth \$48,666,531; the coffee, \$46,231,302; the tea, \$12,368,063. Woolen manufactures were \$32,969,184; silk, \$28,385,830; cotton, \$22,868,000; and flax, \$15,949,730. Cotton still leads the exports of the country, shipments amounting to \$206,222,057. Breadstuffs from this port amounted to \$62,393,491, with \$103,375,171 from other ports. The foreign commerce of the country was \$1,504,671,462, an increase of \$78,653,430 for the year. The year's figures are the largest since 1884.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

DECEMBER 9TH.—In New Ohalcomb, W. T., Dr. Isaac S. Kallach, ex-Mayor of San Francisco. December 11th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., ex-Judge John Greenwood, aged 89 years. December 12th.—In New York, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, in Philadelphia, Pa., General William B. Thomas, the first President of the Commercial Exchange. December 13th.—In New York, John Britton, a well-known sea-captain, aged 85 years; in New York, Alfred C. Hoe, builder, aged 65 years. December 14th.—In New York, General Thomas Kilby Smith, of Philadelphia, aged 67 years. December 15th.—In New York, the Rev. John T. Riordan, pastor of the Mission of the Holy Rosary at Castle Garden, aged 36 years; in Hallowell, Me., Governor Joseph R. Bodwell, aged 69 years. December 16th.—In Troy, N. Y., John Howson, the well-known comedian; in Worcester, Mass., Judge Francis H. Dewey, aged 63 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE fund as a testimonial to Edward Burgess, designer of the *Volunteer*, exceeds \$10,000.

MR. ROBERT GARRETT, who is now in San Francisco, proposes to make a tour around the world.

THE Prince of Naples, who has just come of age, is pronounced to be the most accomplished Crown Prince in Europe.

EUGENE HIGGINS, the notorious Appointment Clerk of the Treasury Department, announces his intention to resign his position.

SENATOR INOALL, of Kansas, is said to be writing a novel. If he can write as well as he talks, the book will be worth reading.

MR. BLAINE has had an interview with the new French President. It really seems to be impossible for this terrible man to keep quiet.

A LONDON dispatch says that Mr. John Morley is seriously ill with an affection of the liver. All his political engagements have been canceled.

GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY has been seriously ill from hemorrhage of the lungs, and some fears are felt that he may never fully recover.

MISS HELEN C. SMITH, daughter of ex-Governor Smith of Vermont, has taken the degree of M. P. (Master of Pies), in the St. Albans Cooking College.

HERMAN MELVILLE, the author of "Typee," and other romances of the South Seas, is still living in New York, although he has not written anything for thirty years.

THE mystery as to how Mr. O'Brien, the Irish leader, got his new pair of trousers in jail is explained. A friend visited his cell with two pairs on and gave him one.

BARON CHARLES DE STRUVE, the Russian Minister, has returned to Washington for the Winter, but with reluctance. His accomplished wife will spend the Winter in Europe.

BUFFALO BILL has opened a Winter season with his "Wild West Show" at Manchester, England. His opening exhibition was attended by a crowd of notabilities and society people.

CONGRESSMAN RUSSELL, of Massachusetts, recently appeared on the floor of the House in a bluish-gray overcoat made of wool which grew on his own sheep at his Worcester farm.

SENATOR HAWLEY, of Connecticut, seems to be growing in favor as a possible Presidential candidate. Senator Sherman is visibly losing ground, and the General Sheridan boom has gone to pieces.

REPRESENTATIVE GIBSON, of the Eastern Shore District of Maryland, the home of the diamond-back, ranks as the best terrapin-cook in Congress. Secretary Bayard formerly had this distinction.

M. CARVALHO, manager of the Opera Comique, Paris, which was burned with great loss of life, has been held partly responsible for the fire, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 200 francs.

THEODORE PARKER, when uttering the Lord's Prayer, used to say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we should forgive those who trespass against us." He also prayed, "Lead us from temptation," instead of "Lead us not into temptation."

BISHOP A. N. LITTLEJOHN of Long Island has accepted the invitation of the Vice-chancellor of Cambridge University, England, to preach, on the second Sunday after Trinity next year, before the Faculty and students of that institution.

MR. PYNE, Member of Parliament, who was for some weeks barricaded in Lisfinny Castle, his home, in County Waterford, Ireland, resisting the efforts of the police to arrest him, left the Castle one day last week, eluding the police sentinels, and escaping to a place of safety.

MR. D. L. MOODY, the evangelist, has just closed a series of successful revival meetings at Pittsburgh, Pa. After the holidays he will spend a month in Louisville, where a tabernacle, seating 5,000 people, is being built for his use, and will afterwards visit the Pacific Coast.

REV. CHARLES A. BERRY, of Wolverhampton, England, has declined the pastorate of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. He believes that he has a work to do in England which he cannot conscientiously abandon. There is much disappointment over his decision among the members of Plymouth Church.

RUMORS prevailed in Europe, last week, that the physicians of the German Crown Prince had discovered symptoms of a fresh growth in his throat, and that fatal results were anticipated. A later examination, however, showed that the alarming reports were exaggerated, and that the symptoms are not dangerous.

GENERAL BOULANGER, writing to M. Sasini, member of the Chamber of Deputies, declining the latter's offer to surrender his seat in the popular soldier's favor, declares that he considers it a patriotic duty to adhere to his military position in view of the fact that he expects a war, and concludes by declaring that France has greater need of generals than of Deputies.

TRASCUELO, the favorite *espadá* of the Madrid bullfight patrons, was gored by a bull in a recent fight, and very seriously wounded. He dispatched the animal while impaled on its horns. After the performance, 20,000 people surrounded the favorite's house and clamored for a sight of him. Over 11,000 cards were left, the names including grandees, deputies and cabinet ministers.

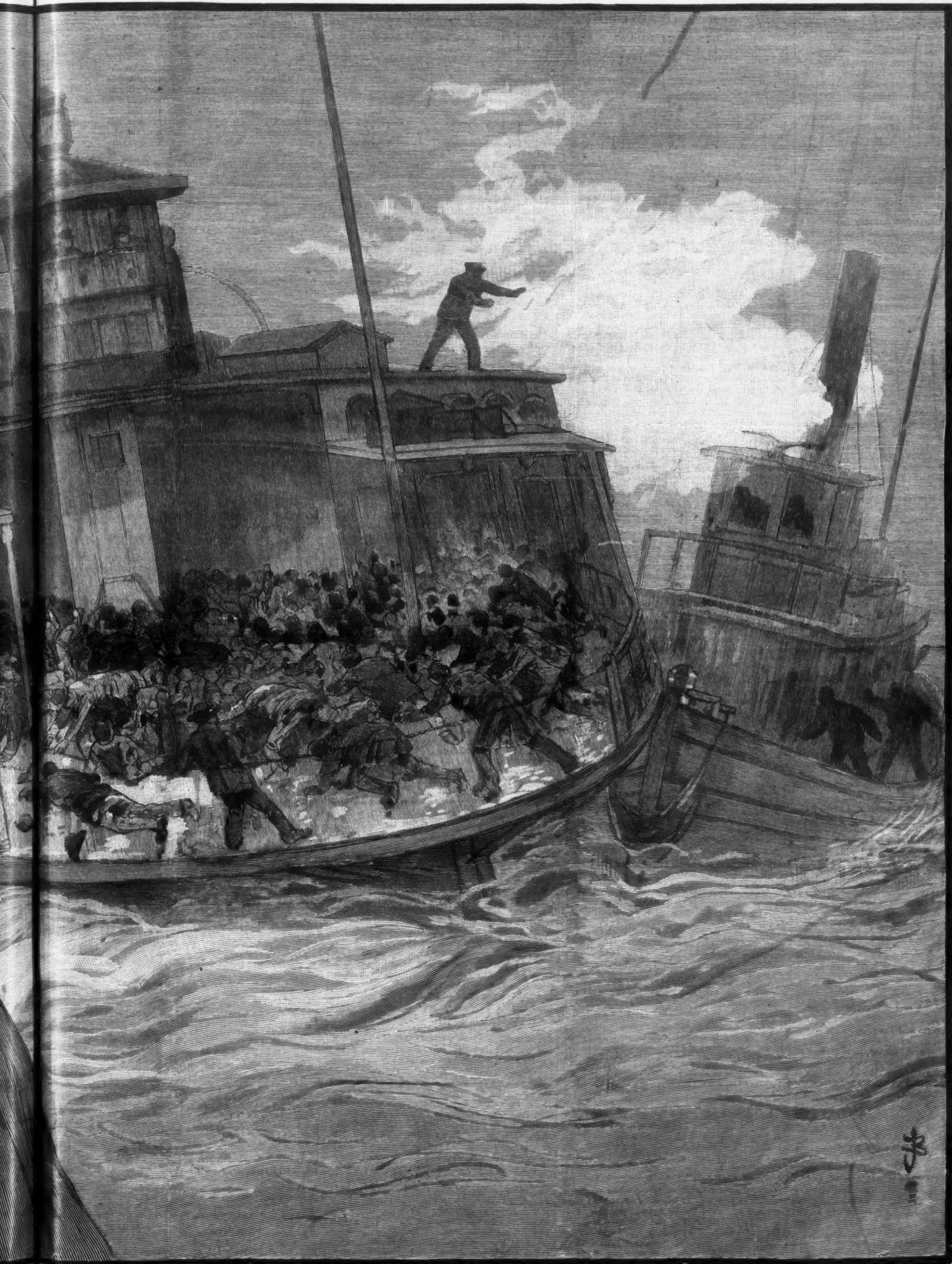
A BILL has been introduced in the United States Senate to pay the widow of the late Spencer F. Baird a sum of money as compensation for the sixteen years' service he performed gratuitously as Commissioner of Fisheries. There is a strong feeling both in and out of Congress, and among the members of both parties, that the widow of a man who did so much for the promotion of science and labored so long and so faithfully for the Government without reward, should receive sufficient assistance to place her beyond all danger of want.

THERE are four preachers in the present House of Representatives—Anderson, of Kansas, Stewart, of Georgia, Cheadle, of Indiana, and McKinsey, of New Hampshire. Mr. Anderson is serving his third term in spite of all that the railroads could do to prevent him. He was a Presbyterian home missionary when he was first asked to go to Congress. He asked his wife about it, and she objected. "No," she said; "I married you a home missionary, I have lived with you a home missionary, and I propose to die with you a home missionary." "But, my dear," he suggested, "going to Congress won't prevent my being a home missionary. On the contrary, that is a needy field." So he went.



NEW YORK.—DANGERS OF FERRY NAVIGATION DURING A HEAVY FOG

DRAWN BY JOSEPH B. SEL PAGE



A Hazy Fog—Scene on the East River—A Narrow Escape.

JOSEPH B. SEE PAGE 309.

HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—IN THE MORNING.

IN the morning, the storm was gone. The air was clear. The day was bright. The waves seemed already forgetting the way in which the angry winds of night had scourged them. The sun rose in the eastern sky, as bright and beautiful and constant as ever, and shone down upon Bobunquedunk, and the rest of the world, as calmly and serenely as though there had never been any such thing in all the earth as "battle and murder and sudden death."

In the morning, the doctor came to see how his patient, Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford, had passed the night, and what sort of progress he had made towards recovery. He found him better, much better, and was somewhat puzzled thereby. He did not know, you see, how heartily his patient had laughed in the early hours of that morning, and how every muscle and fibre had vibrated under the healthful stimulus of mirth. He would have admitted, no doubt, even though hesitatingly and doubtfully, that laughter has a curative power all its own. But he did not know, he could not guess, and there was no one likely to tell him, how hearty had been the jocular efforts of his patient. Then there were certain mental considerations to be taken into account in connection with the marked improvement in the man who had so unfortunately driven Demonia; a freeman should be healthier than a slave—a soldier in the open field stronger than a captive in a dungeon; the doctor had no way of knowing how much happier would be the future life of the man to whom his skill ministered—if the man who had been his most constant visitor, and apparently most intimate friend, should find his night's boat-ride his last one, and his absence eternal. Moral considerations, too, which were quite beyond the doctor's knowledge, were involved in this case; I cannot pretend to say whether there are certain men who find a reflex physical benefit in the commission of certain particularly cruel and contemptible crimes, or whether a man must have risen from danger and pain to a certain animal strength and vitality before his evil nature will dare prompt him to do them; I cannot tell you whether the falsehoods Dangerford had told had given him a stronger hold on life, or whether he had told them because there was, unconsciously to himself, a new power stirring in the so-long-sluggish stream of his life. I only agree with the physician that the night had witnessed a remarkable improvement in Ratcliffe Dangerford (in his physical condition), and still further agree with him in not knowing why.

"I shall have you out in a few days," says the doctor to Dangerford, "if you continue to improve like this."

To which the man addressed makes some remark which is inaudible to the doctor, and seems, by the looks in the speaker's eyes and on his face, to be uncomplimentary to any one, and calculated to be unpleasant to all.

"I shall be letting you go soon," says the doctor to Mr. Tradd, "if our friend moves along the road to health as he has moved in the last twelve hours."

And Mr. John Tradd, a smile of happiness on his face, makes his inaudible remark, in his turn. Voiceless, soundless, almost breathless, are the two words his flexible lips form—but the words are: "Thank God!"

In the morning, after the doctor has gone, Ratcliffe Dangerford lies back among the soft pillows, his face turned so that he can get a glimpse of the sea, and gives himself up to a mental condition that is half reverie and half crafty plotting. Does he hate Thomas Girton? He thinks so. He is not sure. And if he does, why? He cannot tell; he doesn't know; it must be simply and solely because Girton was Walldon's friend—Walldon's friend in the days before Walldon was some one else instead of Walldon—and because he is Walldon's enemy. And yet—Walldon and he have seemed to be friends; he must appear to mourn if Walldon never returns from his risky ride in the storm of last night. And still—he has ruined Girton; if Walldon never returns—he has ruined Girton; if Walldon is too selfish and too cowardly to tell the truth—he has ruined Girton; if Walldon can be kept from a knowledge of the story he told to Leonard Stannard and John Tradd and the landlord—he has ruined Girton. And in that lies the key to his thought and his purpose; if he has not ruined Girton, he is sorry—even if he cannot tell why; if he has ruined Girton, he is glad—and he is too weary or lazy to look into his heart or his brain in search of a reason; if he has not ruined Girton—can he? Can Walldon be kept in ignorance of the wicked tale he has told—until it has had time to do the worst it can? Can Walldon be scared or wheedled into keeping silence—until it is too late? Or—is Walldon gone? Gone for ever? Has the God against whom this wicked man has dared to set up his evil plans and purposes given him the blessing which the death of Paul Walldon, in the chaotic turmoil of last night's tempest, would be? Had He given it to this wretch to find freedom, and to grasp it with hands with no new stain upon them? Was this man to find it unnecessary to be a murderer again—except as he was one in his heart? It did seem as though good-fortune had come this man's way, as the morning grew older and day moved on towards noon, and there was still no sign of success from the searchers of the sea, no cry of triumph from the beach. How this man rejoiced in his freedom! How terrible a burden the life of Paul Walldon, with all the possibilities it had presented, had been to him! He had never understood it so fully before; he wondered how he had endured it so long; he had

suffered, feared, agonized, by night and by day—more, he believed, than any one else had ever been called upon to bear; how fully he could give sympathy to any one whose life had been blighted and repressed and dwarfed, only—

He had not hesitated to shut the gates of hope behind Thomas Girton!

Shut the gates of hope behind Girton? Had he? He would never have dared tell the story he had told until Paul Walldon had come to believe himself guilty of the most awful of crimes in his unknown and unremembered past. Before that, he knew that Walldon could have been relied upon to have denied it all so far as it related to him. Before that, not even a Leonard Stannard, looking down into his eyes, should have forced from him an admission of his identity with the man who had stolen the name and usurped the work of John Tradd.

And would it be different now? Could he count on Walldon's fear? He could prove nothing. To say to the world that this man had been guilty would be to say where and when and under what circumstances. It would be to give to Paul Walldon the key to his past. It would be to set him in the way of proving himself as guiltless as he fearfully believed himself to be guilty. He would never dare tell to the authorities the lying tale of Walldon's guilt; could he shut Walldon's lips with the fear that he would?

Indeed he could! He would threaten that Miss Atherton should know it all, unless he kept silence! (You see that Ratcliffe Dangerford had a standard of his own, and that he was likely to fall into error when he measured other men by it). Indeed he—he—believed he could! And if not—and he returned—why, he must take his chances, that was all! In the morning, not very early nor yet very easily, Mr. Tradd found opportunity to write a few lines to a man he wished to befriend. Let us read them, ere he sends them:

"DR. THOMAS GIRTON—MY DEAR FRIEND: Strangely enough, I have found the man in whom we are both so much interested, the man who personated me and defrauded you. Strangely enough, it has been my fortune to be his nurse through a dangerous illness following an accident. More strangely still, I had not guessed at his identity, nor he at mine. He had never happened to hear my name spoken until last evening."

"Mr. Leonard Stannard is here. He was in this room last night. He recognized the man who abducted Paul Walldon, and charged him with the fact to his face."

"The man made no secret of the fact that Stannard was correct. He talked freely of his infamy. Indeed, he seemed to glory in it. Stannard pressed him for an explanation of his action in carrying Walldon away from your house, and he pretended to give his true reasons; you will see how utterly false they are when you read regarding them."

"First, Walldon wrote the letter which was left behind, and expressed himself honestly and candidly in it; he begged this man to assist him to escape."

"Second, you desired to be rid of Walldon, and paid the nurse to abduct him."

"So that, the nurse claims to have served both of you, while being false to both. That is his story. He told it unshrinkingly and unflatteringly. He has said he will take oath to it."

"Take warning, then, and, if you know of anything in which this lying tale can do you more injury than has already been done you, take such steps as will enable you to avoid it so far as is possible."

Very sincerely, your friend,

"JOHN TRADD."

In the morning, Leonard Stannard found time to write a few lines to Mrs. Minnie Girton. Since he did not know where to address her, he contented himself with sending the letter to her at Dellville, sure that it would be promptly forwarded to her. If he had waited until afternoon, he might have saved himself the trouble of sending a second letter, for in the afternoon he learned where she had gone.

Mr. Stannard got to his letter early. There were a number of reasons for that. In the first place, what he had to write to Minnie Girton was too important for him to delay it long; and, secondly, he had no time for delay, since he must go, as soon as the morning was bright enough, to search with those who were to look for the drowned bodies of Paul Walldon and Carlos de Laishe.

The letter was not long. It was straight to the point. It was needlessly cruel and direct:

"MRS. GIRTON: I have the proof. I have found the man who abducted Paul Walldon from your husband's house. He served both Girton and Walldon in what he did; of that there is no reasonable doubt—no possible doubt; he is ready to take oath to the story he tells. Paul Walldon implored him to help him escape, and wrote the letter which was left behind; Thomas Girton begged him to remove the man he so much feared, and—

"But why need I say more? I have neither the time nor the inclination, this morning, to write again the passion I have so often spoken and written to you; read what I have written, if you please, and recall what I have said, and say to yourself that it is all true, and more than true. This morning I have no more than this to say: I have found the proof. I demand the price."

"Ever thine,

LEONARD STANNARD."

In the morning, the later morning, when the waves had found time to grow a little less restless and fierce, there were many strong men ready and anxious to search for the body of the man who had fallen over the cliff, and the man who had recklessly dared the sea in an open boat. Paul Walldon and Carlos de Laishe were gone, and the morning gave no sign—the waves had no tale to tell as to how they had died. Leonard Stannard secured a seat in the largest and stanchest boat—in the boat which had the strongest and most alert of crews. They led in the search, everywhere. They went furthest and fastest down the coast; they went furthest and swiftest up the coast; they were first in every sheltered nook where it seemed natural to think the waters might have placed the dead, and were first to be out and away again when strict search had been found vain and unavailing.

In one nook they saw a shapeless mass tossing

up and down upon the waves, and the heart of Leonard Stannard stood still in his breast as he wondered whether it would be De Laishe they would find—the man who had dared to be his rival, or only Paul Walldon—the man whose lips could have turned their steadfast fidelity towards the sinking falsity of Dangerford, saying: "You lie! I loved Girton, and I do yet!" And behold, it was neither of the lost men, rocking in the arms of the restless ocean—it was only a mass of seaweed tossed to and fro by the hurrying waters.

A white blot crowned the surface of a green wave, far, far away, and they sprang to their oars with a will—did these men who had followed the sea, and gloried in their power over it, for all their lives. But Stannard sat in the boat looking scarcely more than the wreck of a man; he trembled and shivered, and his teeth chattered together; death—he had forgotten until then how white and cold death always is; would it be Walldon they would find there, watching for them out of his sightless eyes, and stretching out towards them his empty and helpless hands—or would it be De Laishe? De Laishe, so white and cold as that, and so pathetically helpless, rolling and swaying at the will of the waves, and with no power nor will of his own? De Laishe, the man he had spoken with and listened to so little a time ago? He could not bear it! Let it be Paul Walldon, rather. But pray God—

He could not say it. He pray? He could not do it. How many ages was it since he could? How long would it be before—

But he did not finish that. He did not care to, perhaps; he surely did not dare. He only shut his teeth a little more firmly together, saying to himself: "I—I would walk through hell for the love of Minnie Girton!"

And lo! the burden on the wave was only a mass of foam, beaten and buffeted by the powers of the night just gone.

They rowed slowly along the face of the precipitous cliff where De Laishe had—had fallen! And Stannard looked up at the dizzy height, and shuddered. It was an awful fall. It was a cruel crime he had committed. What if it had been his fate to come over there, instead of that of De Laishe? What if it were he who was waiting for the rowers to come—waiting among the tangles of seaweed in some lonely little bay among the rocks—instead of De Laishe? Would De Laishe have done by him as he had done by De Laishe—if he had had a chance? Would he? Or would he not? And he caught his breath in a sudden agony of doubt and fearful anticipation—as though time had been turned back for a day—and the question of alertness of body and sinfulness of soul were still an open question between him and Colonel Carlos de Laishe.

They rowed around the point which shut the seething waters beyond from the more peaceful beach of Bobunquedunk. They searched carefully; they searched faithfully; they took plenty of time for it. And they found neither of the men who had been called upon by the spirit of the night, and the genius of the deep, and the powers of sin and darkness, to face all the horrors of the time and the place.

It was almost noon. Baal Manniston was already miles away, hurrying westward as fast as he could find a way in which to go, and pondering, pro and con, the question as to how soon and under what circumstances he would dare come again.

Ethel Atherton had found temporary relief, in a troubled and dream-haunted sleep, from her agony—the agony which left her uncertain as to what had been the fate of the man who called himself Paul Walldon—the agony which left unanswered her half-mad question: "Have I a right to mourn him—if he is dead?"

Almost noon, and there—there—far out on the water—further than they have gone as yet—there is a something—floating! No weed, this time; they know that as they strain their oars almost to breaking; no foam; no delusion of the senses; no mistake—nor error—nor failure. This time they have found something for which they have been searching! A long pull; a hurrying race which leaves the rowers almost breathless; and they swing slowly round it. No sign of life! No sign of the presence of what was life—once. But the object has a pitifully pathetic tale to tell—rising and falling mately on the sun-kissed waters. A boat! A boat bottom up! A boat with a hole large enough to let a man fall through! The boat in which Paul Walldon left Bobunquedunk last night, when the sky above him was almost as clear as it is above this empty wreck to-day!

Then they turned back. Except the lost boat, their quest had been empty-handed. They have found neither Walldon nor De Laishe. The sea has not given up its dead. Mr. Leonard Stannard has been spared the ordeal he dreaded—the ordeal of looking on the face of the dead!

Dreaded! Did he dread it? Was he mad enough to fear they would find the men who were lost? He crouches down into the boat, almost a shapeless heap, as they leave the ocean's horizon behind them and turn towards the land. He shivers as though in an ague fit, though the scorching sun has climbed up the southern sky almost to the meridian, and the sailors and fishermen look pityingly at him, saying: "How well he must have loved one of them—or perhaps both!"

Dreaded! What is it he dreaded? What is it he dreads? He—he seems to have forgotten for a little. Oh, yes; he knows now. He dreads the future with its uncertainties. Has he not reason to do so?

One man may come—in the judgment—saying: "You helped put husband and wife asunder, you and another man you knew to be a liar! And you used my name as a reason and an excuse!" What may the other say? "You found my life in your way, and you made your way clear!" But it is not of the so-far-off future that Leonard Stannard is thinking. He is not thinking of what

there may be, or may not be, in the land and the life beyond the grave. He is only thinking of the possibility—the bare possibility—the ridiculously improbable possibility—that death may have spared the one or the other of these men. To live, no matter how happily and how successfully, with this uncertainty in his soul, will be to live a life of torture. To live without knowing that these men are dead, without knowing where their bodies sink into the oblivion of decay, without having looked down upon their sightless eyes, and without having put his fingers upon their silent pulses—this is to live a slave of the doubt that destroyed all peace and joy. To listen at every footfall, lest it be that of the man he sent to death over the cliff at Bobunquedunk; to hesitate at every corner, lest he find the man he meant to murder, or the one in whose name he more than ruined Thomas Girton, when he turns it; to look to see the loyalty of any cheated love he may win fall away from him at any moment; to find honor a burden, and any height to which he may rise the more unpleasant in that the fall from it may be the greater; to expect to die scorned, and to lie in a dishonored and neglected grave; and—to know that he deserved it all, and more than all; this is the life that Leonard Stannard sees opening out before him as he rows back to shore from the vain quest of the morning.

"I—I don't understand why a man will do a—a deed like the one I did—and—and—and leave the result uncertain!"

No, Leonard Stannard, you do not. Who does?

"Weeping may endure for a night," he mutters to himself, "but joy cometh in the morning."

He stops abruptly. He straightens himself up in the boat. Something which is almost like a smile flits across his face. The words he has half spoken, half thought, seem, even to him, strangely incongruous. He has no notion of how or why they drifted across his mind. He does not know where he ever heard or read them. "In the morning; not my morning," he says aloud, and the boatmen look curiously at him, and pity him still more than they did before.

No, Leonard Stannard, not in your morning!

He sits straighter still. He is growing self-possessed—self-centred. He is beginning to go in with the tide, in from his doubts and fears, in from repinings over the cost of it all, in to the possessions his skill, and courage, and—and—and—he cannot quite bring himself to finish it all—have won for him.

"For Minnie Girton's love—" he mutters, brokenly.

Ay, Leonard Stannard, for Minnie Girton's love! But I think you will never, never win it!

"I—I would give my soul. I would go through hell itself!"

"Yes, Leonard Stannard! Perhaps you will!"

(To be continued.)

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

MR. SAMUEL SPENCER, who has just been promoted from the First Vice-presidency to the Presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in place of Robert Garrett, is still a young man. He was born at Marietta, Ga., on March 2d, 1847, and at the age of fifteen years entered the Georgia Military Institute. In the following year (1863) he enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of an independent company of rangers that did duty in the West and Southwest. After the war he returned to civil pursuits, and in 1867 he graduated from the University of Georgia, and after studying civil engineering was appointed to a position on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He rose very rapidly to the place of chief clerk in the office of Thomas R. Sharp, Master of Transportation, and when subsequently that gentleman became General Manager of the reorganized Long Island Railroads he took Mr. Spencer with him in an important capacity. In 1881 he returned to Baltimore as Third Vice-president of the Baltimore and Ohio. In December, 1882, he was promoted to Second Vice-president, and in November, 1884, to First Vice-president. He had charge of the road during Robert Garrett's long absences in Europe, but while only responsible for the executive management, displayed admirable administrative qualities which commended him to the directory upon the reorganization of the company, as just the man to carry out effectively and successfully the new policy which had been determined upon.

HON. DAVID TURPIE,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA.

HON. DAVID TURPIE, the successor of Benjamin Harrison in the United States Senate, was born in Hamilton County, O., July 8th, 1829. He was educated in the common schools and Kenyon College (B. B. Hayes's alma mater), from which he graduated in the Class of 1848. He studied law in his native State for one year thereafter (1849), and then removed to Indiana, where he continued his studies and was admitted to the Bar. His scholarly attainments and legal ability were soon recognized, and he rapidly won a position as one of the foremost lawyers in his section of the State. Three years after his removal to Indiana he was elected a member of the Lower House of the State Legislature, and at the end of his term was appointed, by Governor Wright, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the District composed of Benton, White and Tippecanoe. He served two years, and resigning, was chosen Judge of the Circuit Court. In 1859 he was again elected to the Legislature. His abilities were by this time recognized and admired throughout the State, and he became early the leader of the Democrats in the General Assembly.

In 1860 he received the nomination for Lieutenant-governor on the ticket with the Hon. T. A. Hendricks as Governor. The ticket was defeated, but a gallant fight had been made against great odds, and the campaign only added to Judge Turpie's fame. In 1863 he was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature, to serve out the unexpired term of the Hon. Jesse D. Bright, temporarily filled by the appointment of the Executive of J. A. Wright. His career in the Senate (1863:

months) was too brief to allow of his earning the distinction he might otherwise have achieved. Retiring from the Senate, he was not again called to public office for several years, though he made a race for Congress in the Laporte District against Schuyler Colfax, then in the zenith of his fame. He resumed the practice of his profession in Indianapolis, and in connection with it pursued the literary studies in which he has always found delight, and which have helped to give him eminence as one of the most scholarly men of his profession in Indiana.

In 1874 Judge Turpie was elected from Marion County to the Lower House of the Legislature, and although, in view of the higher honors he had enjoyed, this seemed unworthy of acceptance, he recognized his obligations as a citizen and cheerfully performed the duties imposed upon him. He was elected Speaker of the House, and in that, as in all other positions he has occupied, acquitted himself with credit. From 1879 until 1882 his legal attainments were called into requisition in the compilation, with others, of the Revised Statutes of the State. Subsequently he was appointed United States District Attorney for Indiana, and now enters the Senate by election of the Legislature of his State at its last session.

BILLS BEFORE CONGRESS.

CONGRESS is already inundated with Bills relating to almost every imaginable subject. In the Senate alone, on Monday of last week, 594 Bills and Joint Resolutions were presented. Among them is a Bill to repeal the internal revenue tax on tobacco in all forms, and to repeal the import duties on sugar and tobacco. The Bill also provides that a bounty of 1 40-100 cents per pound shall be paid producers of raw sugar, tank-bottoms, syrup of cane-juice or beet-juice, and other sugar products. Mr. Edmunds has introduced in the Senate a Bill providing for a postal telegraphic system. A resolution was adopted providing for a committee of five Senators to consider that subject. Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, proposes a Bill to strike out the words, "Under substantially similar circumstances and conditions," where they occur in the Interstate Commerce Act, and Mr. Reagan desires to amend that Act so as to bring express cars, Pullman cars, sleeping cars, and all other cars owned by private citizens or corporations, within its operations the same as if they were technically common carriers; also to amend Section 4 of the same Act by providing that the competition of railroads and water routes shall not be construed to create dissimilar circumstances and conditions within the meaning of the Act.

Senators Hoar, Sawyer and Mitchell introduced Bills to amend the Alien Land Act. They are identical, as far as concerns the investment of foreign capital in mining enterprises, but Senator Hoar's Bill goes further, and declares that the prohibitions of the Alien Land Act shall not prevent foreigners from leasing any mill sites or water rights in the Territories for manufacturing or milling purposes.

Senator Turpie introduced a Bill for the admission of new Territories into the Union of States. It provides for enabling Acts for the admission of Montana and New Mexico, as well as Washington Territory and Dakota, and that the boundaries of the Territories shall remain the same as at present, except that the State of Washington shall embrace a part of the present Territory of Idaho.

Bills were also introduced proposing amendments to the Constitution, allowing Congress to pass uniform marriage and divorce laws, and to prohibit the manufacture, importation or sale of intoxicating liquors. Mr. Dolph introduced a Bill appropriating \$126,377,800 for fortifications and seacoast defenses, to be available as follows: \$21,500,000 for the fiscal years ending June 30, 1889; \$9,000,000 for each fiscal year thereafter for the period of eleven years; and \$5,877,800 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901.

The Senate has passed a resolution of inquiry as to the advisability of reducing letter-postage to one cent.

A resolution introduced by Mr. Hale, and laid over, authorizes a committee of seven Senators to inquire as to whether appointments by the Executive have been made in harmony with a merit system or as partisan rewards, and as to whether Federal officers have participated in nominating conventions and influenced local politics, in violation of the President's orders.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN WASHINGTON.

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record says: "Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Professor Samuel P. Langley and the Earl of Craven are the present 'lions' of Washington society. The entertaining members of the Cabinet and the Supreme Court have all dined or are about to dine Mr. Chamberlain; some of them and all the leading scientific people, together with the other leaders of society, have entertained or are about to entertain Professor Langley in honor of his election to be Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Chamberlain is already popular. His manners are admirable and his conversation sparkling. He is the most attractive widower in Washington. He may not be a widower when he shall go home."

FACTS ABOUT TEMPERANCE.

THE Wood Local Option Law has been in operation in Missouri six months. Under its provisions forty-seven counties and fifteen towns of more than 2,500 population have held elections. Thirty of these counties have elected to go "Dry," with majorities ranging from 10 in Pulaski County to 1,732 in Nodaway County. Seventeen decided to remain "Wet," and a curious feature about the struggle is that counties like Clay and Caldwell, that have not had saloons in years, gave heavy majorities against prohibition. Of the fifteen towns and cities, ten have gone Dry under the law. The largest Dry town is Springfield, with a population of 25,000. The Dry vote cast in the towns and counties is 66,100, and the Wet vote 61,197. In the counties which voted Dry, 190 saloons have been closed, and in round numbers a revenue of \$250,000 paid by saloons under the license law to the State and Government stopped.

Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, declares that prohibition is not dead in Georgia, despite its recent defeat in Atlanta.

According to the New York Tribune, prohibition is being enforced in Angola, Ind., in a novel way. The commissioners of the county are temperance men, and there is strong opposition in the town to the sale of liquor. Several men have applied for saloon license, but in each case the citizens have presented remonstrances to the commissioners, and they have refused to grant the license. The saloon-keepers, with the aid of several lawyers, have sought to compel the commissioners to issue licenses to them, but the preliminary trial of the case ended by a decision in favor of the citizens. The saloon-keepers will now appeal to the Supreme Court.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO HISTORY.

A WASHINGTON correspondent writes as follows: "Lieutenant-general Sheridan is the only famous commander of the late Civil War who has not caught the scribbling fever. He has published little or nothing of his recollections of the war, and has discouraged others from doing so. His idea is that war recollections at twenty years' range are not worth much, that history had better be made out of contemporary records and reports. He does all he can to have these preserved and prepared for the use of the future historian. He carefully kept the originals or copies of all letters, telegrams, orders, and so forth, sent or received by him during the war. Some of these were destroyed in the Chicago fire. But he does not regret this so much as he might, because it was the cause of his making a 'find' of greater value than all his documents put together. When he came on to Washington, having determined to replace his lost treasures with copies if he could do no better, he was told that he might find in the attic of the White House some of the telegrams that President Lincoln had sent. He went up there himself, and by delving and digging got out of a mass of stuff a very large number of President Lincoln's war telegrams, addressed not only to him, but to all the other Federal generals. He had them removed at once to a safe place, and they have been well cared for since. The future historian of the war will have General Sheridan to thank for some of the best of the material laid up for him."

THE GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH IN ENGLAND.

THE report of the British Postmaster-general gives the following information in reference to the Government postal-telegraph system: "The first complete financial year during which the reduced rates for inland telegrams were in operation expired on the 31st of March, and it is interesting to note the effect upon the number of messages and upon the revenue. Separating the ordinary inland messages sent in that period from railway, press, official and foreign telegrams, which are not affected by the reduced rate, and of which there were over 10,000,000, it appears that the number of messages dispatched was 40,137,175 in 1886-7, compared with a total of 30,087,869 in 1885-6, and that the revenue produced was £1,354,879, as compared with £1,227,606 in the previous year, showing a growth of over £10,000,000, or 33 per cent., in the number of messages, and over £77,000, or 6 per cent., in the revenue. This comparison, however, is not strictly fair, as the year 1885-6 continued six months at the one-shilling rate. A more accurate comparison may be afforded by taking the last six months of 1885-6 and the corresponding six months of 1886-7. This shows an increase of 2,333,745 in the number of messages, or 14 per cent., and of £75,670 in amount, or 13 per cent. The London local messages alone show an increase of 50 per cent., the total number being about 3,800,000.

"Notwithstanding the rapid and satisfactory growth of the telegraph business, the expenses of the service far exceed the receipts, and the deficit, after including the interest payable for the capital borrowed, amounted to £469,840. The following table shows the deficit for each year for seven years:

1880-1.....	4984	1884-5.....	£302,707
1881-2.....	112,525	1885-6.....	371,554
1882-3.....	142,234	1886-7.....	469,840
1883-4.....	346,114		

"New telegraph offices have been opened at 232 post-offices throughout the United Kingdom, and, including 1,542 railway-station offices, there are now 6,514 public telegraph offices. Copper wire of the weight of 150 pounds per mile has been used with marked success, and by this means a rate of 450 words a minute has been attained, as compared to a rate of 350 words a minute on iron wire, the highest previously recorded on any line. The use of copper wire is likely to be advantageous as enabling a greater amount of work to be got out of the plant, and as possibly avoiding the necessity of costly relay stations."

The telegraphs were purchased by a loan of a capital sum of £10,880,671, of which the annual interest charge is £326,471. It will be seen from this statement that, even in a country of so narrow geographical limits as England, the Government telegraph is conducted at a loss.

HOW DIMES ARE MADE AND COUNTED.

THE United States Mint in San Francisco is said to be the largest institution of the kind in the world. Just at the present time there is a lively demand for silver dimes, and two of the money presses have been for some time running exclusively on this coin. The demand is so great that these machines are not even stopped on Sunday. The process of dime-making is an interesting one. The silver bullion is first melted and run into two-pound bars. These in turn are run through immense rollers and flattened out to the thickness of the coin. These silver strips are then passed through a machine which cuts them into proper size for the presses, the strips first having been treated with a kind of tallow to prevent their being scratched in their passage through the cutters.

The silver pieces are then put into the feeder of the printing presses, and are fed to the die by automatic machinery at the rate of 100 per minute, 48,000 dimes being turned out in a regular working day of eight hours. As the smooth pieces are pressed between the ponderous printing dies they receive the lettered and figured impression in a manner similar to that of a paper pressed upon a form of type; at the same time the piece is expanded in a slight degree, and the small corrugations are cut into its rim. The machine drops the completed coin into a receiver, and it is ready for the counter's hands. The instrument used by the counter is not a complicated machine by any

means, as one might suppose. It is a simple copper-colored tray, having raised ridges running across its surface at a distance apart the exact width of a dime. From the receiver the money is dumped on this board or tray, and as it is shaken rapidly by the counter the pieces settle down into the spaces between the ridges. All these spaces being filled, the surplus coin is brushed back into the receiver, and the counter has exactly 1,250 silver dimes, or \$125, on his tray, which number is required to fill the spaces. The tray is then emptied into boxes, and the money is ready for shipment. The dime does not pass through the weigher's hands, as does the coin of a larger denomination. One and one-half grains are allowed for variation, or "tolerance," in all silver coins from a dollar down, and the deviation from the standard in the case of the ten-cent piece is so trifling that the trouble and expense of weighing coins of this denomination is dispensed with.

THE COFFEE-TREE.

COFFEE is not a bush, as is popularly supposed, but a tree, which, if permitted to grow, will shoot up thirty or forty feet. When properly cultivated it is nipped off about six feet from the ground, thus presenting a surface from which the berries are easily picked and allowing the main stem to gain greater strength. The tall shrubs somewhat resemble the magnolias with their shining, dark-green leaves, but the starry, snow-white flowers remind one of orange-blossoms in all but fragrance. The phenomenon is constantly displayed of buds, blossoms, green and ripe fruit, all on the same stem; but though always flowering and developing fruit, the true harvest season is from April to November. When fully matured the berries are dark-red, looking precisely like a common variety of sea-bean. They turn to a dull brown after having been picked, and become almost black by drying.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ARTIFICIAL pumice-stone is now prepared by molding and baking a mixture of white sand, feldspar and fire-clay. This product is said to have superseded the natural stone in Germany and Austria.

A new screw-driver acts upon the same principle as a stem-winding watch. A stop pin and pawl limit the movement of the shank in one direction, while the handle will move backwards without moving the shank.

A new invention for the propelling of street-cars is in the application of the gas-engine to a moving train-car. All such attempts have failed heretofore for the reason that the gas-engine starts and stops too slowly. In this case the engine will be in motion continually, and the power will be thrown off and on, as the occasion may require, by the use of movable friction-wheels geared on an endless link-belt. This belt is to be attached to the engine. Ordinary illuminating gas will be used.

PROFESSOR FOREL is at present studying the penetration of light into the Lake of Geneva, by means of the photographic effect on chloride of silver paper. Six photographic apparatuses are attached one above another to a rope at 10-meter intervals. They are let down into the lake after sunset, left there one day or more, and taken up again at night. The depth-limit of absolute darkness has been found this year, in the beginning of March, 100 m.; of May, 75 m.; and of July, 45 m. Professor Forel hopes to carry on these experiments for a whole year, every two months, and so obtain the curve for penetration of light into the lake.

AMONG the various uses of celluloid, it would appear (according to the *Annales Industrielles*) to be a suitable sheathing for ships, in place of copper. A French company now undertakes to supply the substance for this at nine francs per surface-meter and per millimeter of thickness. In experiments by M. Butaine, plates of celluloid applied to various vessels in January last were removed five or six months after, and found quite intact and free from marine vegetation, which was abundant on parts uncovered. The color of the substance is indestructible; the thickness may be reduced to 0.0003 meter; and the qualities of elasticity, solidity, impermeability, resistance to chemical action, etc., are all in favor of this use of celluloid.

FROZEN fish are now imported into France, and a society formed in Marseilles for the purpose of developing the trade (the Société du Trident) has a steamer and a sailing-vessel engaged in it. The steamer *Rokelle* lately came into Marseilles with some 30,000 kilograms of frozen fish in its hold, the temperature of which was kept at 17° C. below zero by means of a Pictet machine (evaporating sulphurous acid). The fish are caught with the net in various parts of the Mediterranean and Atlantic. After arrival they are dispatched by night in a cold chamber. Experiment has shown that fish can be kept seven or eight months at low temperature without the least alteration. These fish are wrapped in straw or marine algae, and have been sent on to Paris, and even to Switzerland.

THE loss of electricity by a conductor in moist air has been lately studied by Signor Guglielmo (Turin Academy). He finds that with potentials less than 600 volts, moist air insulates as well as dry air, but with higher potentials, there is more loss in moist air, and more the moister the air, and the higher the potential. The potential at which the difference becomes perceptible is the same for a ball as for a fine point. It occurs with extremely smooth surfaces, and so cannot be attributed to discharges in consequence of roughness of surface. With equal potential the loss of electricity has the same magnitude, whatever the dimensions of the balls used as conductors. In air saturated with vapors of insulating substances, the loss of electricity of a conductor is nearly the same as in dry air.

MALARIA is being successfully treated in the medical stations of the Punjab with picrate of ammonia. The usual dose is from one-eighth of a grain to one and a half grains four or five times a day, in a pill. Half a grain is a fair average dose. Thus given, the result is soon visible. In the great majority of the cases treated one-half grain doses in the interval prevented the recurrence of the next attack of the fever, while in about twenty per cent. of the patients two or three attacks followed before the fever ceased. In only one case of quartan ague, despite large doses of the salt, the fever recurred for six periods, gradually diminishing in intensity, and then yielding to it. It is equally successful in all the forms of ague, but it is a curious fact that the cases in which it failed to cure were all of the tertian variety.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE City Council of Atlanta, Ga., has fixed the cost of retail liquor licenses at \$1,500.

THE effort to secure open executive sessions of the United States Senate will be renewed at the present session.

THE Grand Jury at Columbus, O., has indicted six prominent Democrats for participation in the election frauds of 1885.

A BALTIMORE girl last week bit a man, and he died from the effects of it. The bite of a Baltimore girl is well known to be dangerous.

BILLS have passed the Mexican Congress authorizing a new loan of \$52,500,000 and compulsory education in the Federal District and Territories.

SECRETARY FAIRCHILD has instituted economies in the customs service at a large number of the minor ports that will save the Government \$115,000 annually.

OVER 25,000 Eastern tourists visited California during the month of November. Three-quarters of these people went direct to Southern California, where it is estimated 15,000 will spend the Winter.

COMMITTEES appointed by the last General Assemblies of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches met at Louisville, Ky., last week, for the purpose of taking steps looking to a union of the two bodies.

THE new high-license law in Pennsylvania promises to greatly reduce the number of saloons. In Schuylkill County, the number of licenses taken out under the law is 320 less than last year, a reduction of over half.

THE House of Representatives, last week, laid upon the table a resolution to extend the privilege of the floor to Owen G. Chase, who claims to be elected Delegate from the Territory of Cimarron, commonly known as the "Public Land Strip."

THE British Government has requested Mr. Morrison, the leader of the Crofter movement, to go to British Columbia and report upon the suitability of the country for crofters. If the report is favorable, the Government proposes to assist crofters to emigrate to that country.

THE recent action of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in regard to probation after death has not thus far affected the contributions to the Board. During the last two months there has been a gain on donations of about \$12,000, and on legacies of about \$22,000.

THE Russian war scare has led to great activity in Austrian military circles. There does not seem, however, to be any real ground for the apprehension that Russia contemplates hostile demonstrations on the frontier, although there is evidently a good deal of bad feeling at St. Petersburg.

MAYOR O'BRIEN of Boston was last week re-elected by a majority of 1,700, as against 4,700 last year. The Republicans secure a majority in the Board of Aldermen, while the Common Council has a majority of anti-ring members. The jobbing politicians seem to have been effectually snowed under.

THE British Parliament will reassemble February 7th. There are indications that the Liberal-Unionists are gaining in strength. Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Hartington have become reconciled, and this fact is believed to be an omen, not, perhaps, of a new political combination, but of a closer alliance between the different sections of the present Unionist coalition.

THE people of Japan have made voluntary subscriptions of \$2,100,000, some \$600,000 more than was desired, to the coast defense fund. The sum in excess of that called for will be used in the manufacture of cannon, that industry having been recently established in Japan, at the Osaka Arsenal. They are already experimenting with the new Italian composition metal in casting guns.

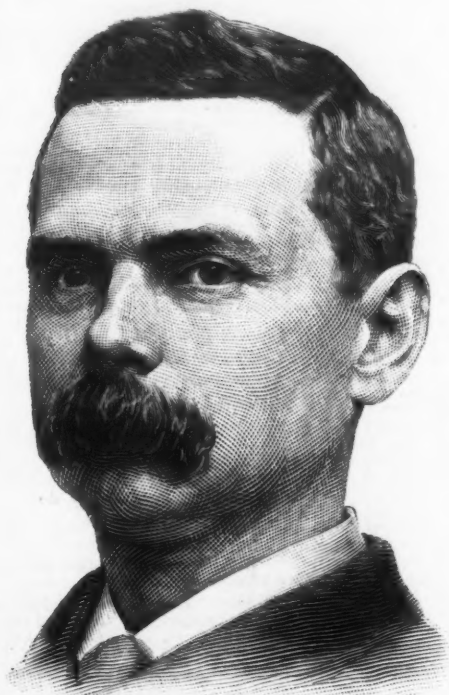
A BILL has been introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Chandler, providing for the supervision of Congressional elections in South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana by Federal officials to be appointed by the President. The Bill contains minute provisions governing the whole matter of registration and conduct of elections, together with penalties for election frauds.

ANOTHER dynamite scare was started in England, last week, by the London Times, which announced that an agent of O'Donovan Rossa, living at Greenpoint, has \$1,000,000 on hand "to assassinate and explode in England." The story is denounced by the Home Rulers as ridiculous, and the person charged with being at the head of the conspiracy simply laughs at the canard.

INTELLIGENCE is received from China that, by the overflowing of the Yellow River in the Province of Honan, ten populous cities were inundated, and the whole area is now a raging sea ten to thirty feet deep, where it was once a densely populated and rich plain. The loss of life is incalculable, and the statement is made by missionaries that millions of Chinese are homeless and starving, while by the desolation of their fields, and the loss of seed, implements, etc., they are deprived of all chance of earning a livelihood.

THE second annual convention of the American Federation of Labor opened in Baltimore, on Tuesday of last week, with President Samuel Gompers in the chair; and Mayor Latrobe made an address of welcome. About seventy delegates were present, representing, it was claimed, over half a million members of the various trades unions. The organization has crystallized very rapidly, profiting by the fallings-out between the Knights of Labor and the trades unions. A large portion of the time of the convention was occupied with discussion of the constitution and the important amendments offered to it. All assemblies of Knights who have not been expelled or suspended from their Order can join the Federation. The President's salary has been increased to \$1,200.

It is said that the British Government proposes to strike the Home Rule movement through the co-operation of the Papal Envoy, Monsignor Persico, as well as of a few prominent Irish bishops. Monsignor Persico, it is stated, has undertaken to control the Irish priesthood and prevent them from opposing the action of the Executive, no matter how extreme it may be. In consideration for this service, the statement is that the Government have undertaken to endow richly a Catholic university, to receive an envoy from the Pope, and to send an ambassador to the Vatican. The report derives some confirmation from the fact that Sir George Errington has undertaken again the mission, which he unsuccessfully undertook some years ago, of committing the Pope to the English view of the Irish question.



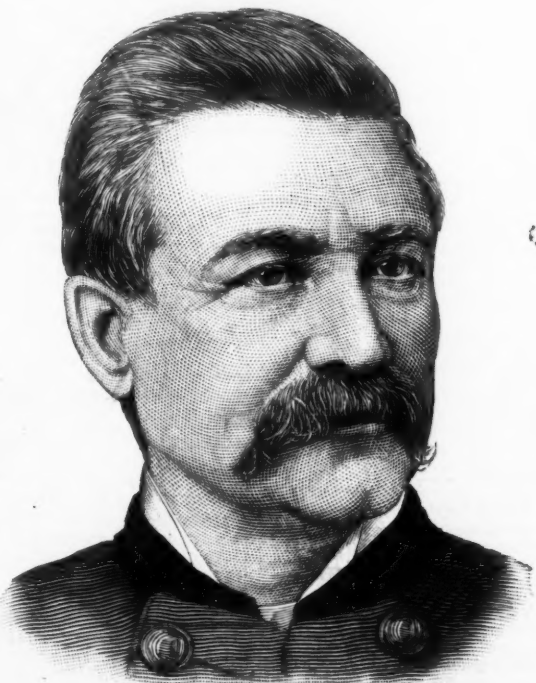
MARYLAND.—SAMUEL SPENCER, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.
PHOTO. BY DANIEL BENDANN.—SEE PAGE 314.

POLICE INSPECTOR STEERS.

POLICE INSPECTOR HENRY V. STEERS, who has just added the sixth gold stripe to his uniform, celebrated at the same time the thirtieth anniversary of his entrance into service upon the New York Police Force. He was born in Westchester County, N. Y., January 6th, 1832. As a boy he was apprenticed to a ship-carpenter; and learning the trade, he worked at it until appointed on the police force, November 19th, 1857. Officer Steers was assigned to duty in the Thirteenth (now the Twelfth) Precinct, and after some time was detailed at the Grand Street Ferry. While doing duty there he made a proud record as a life-saver, rescuing from drowning a number of persons who fell into the river while boarding the ferryboats. On February 9th, 1860, he was transferred to the Seventeenth (now the Fourteenth) Precinct, and on May 1st of the same year was promoted to Roundsman and transferred to the Fourteenth (now the Tenth) Precinct, remaining there during the Draft Riots, and participating in all the fights with the

rioters during that memorable period. On March 17th, 1864, he was transferred to the Thirty-second Precinct, where he remained until April 15th, when he was transferred to the old Twenty-eighth Precinct, which is now part of the Eighth and Ninth Precincts. While in this Precinct, Roundsman Steers was notified one night that burglars had effected an entrance into a bonded warehouse. He entered the building, pursued them to the housetop, and chased them in their flight from roof to roof. In springing from one house to a lower one, across a three-foot alleyway, he made a mis-step and broke his ankle; but he succeeded, nevertheless, in arresting his men.

On the 16th of November, 1865, Mr. Steers was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and assigned to duty in the Twenty-ninth (now the Nineteenth) Precinct, where he remained until the Thirty-second sub-Precinct was established at Tremont (which is now the Thirty-fourth Precinct). He was elected by the Board of Police to organize the force and to lay out the posts. While in command at Tremont, Sergeant Steers arrested John Fitzgerald



NEW YORK CITY.—INSPECTOR HENRY V. STEERS, FOR THIRTY YEARS A MEMBER OF THE POLICE FORCE.

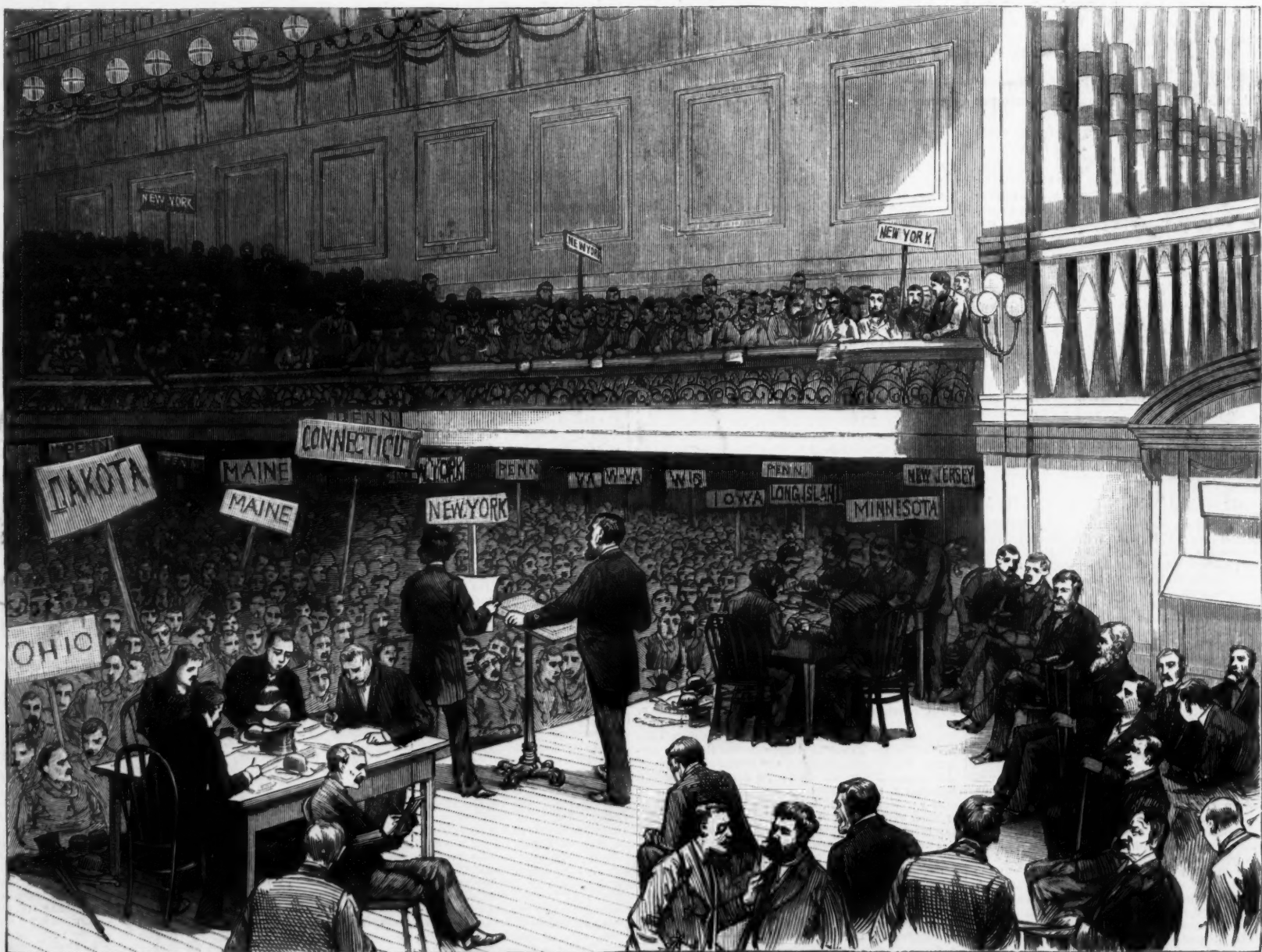


INDIANA.—HON. DAVID TURPIE, UNITED STATES SENATOR.

PHOTO. BY CLARK.—SEE PAGE 314.

for the murder of a woman named Ellen Hicks in the village of Westchester. Fitzgerald was tried in White Plains, and sent to State Prison for life. Sergeant Steers also arrested the members of the "Walker" family, consisting of eleven persons, for counterfeiting fifty-cent fractional currency, and seized a large number of plates and hubs for making plates, all of which had been stolen from the Treasury Department in Washington. These may serve as specimens of the many important arrests made by Sergeant Steers while he was on duty at Tremont.

On April 28th, 1874, Mr. Steers was promoted to the rank of Captain, and on November 8th (same year) was transferred to the command of the Twenty-ninth Precinct (now the Nineteenth), remaining there until October 3d, 1876, when he was placed in command of the Thirty-second Precinct. On May 25th, 1883, he was transferred to the command of the Twenty-sixth (now the Third) Precinct, or City Hall Squad, where he remained until promoted to the rank of Inspector, and placed in charge of the Second Inspection District, on April 3d, 1885.



THE POLITICAL REVIVAL.—NATIONAL CONVENTION OF REPUBLICAN CLUBS AT CHICKERING HALL, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15TH-17TH—ANNOUNCING THE VOTE ON THE ELECTION OF THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN.

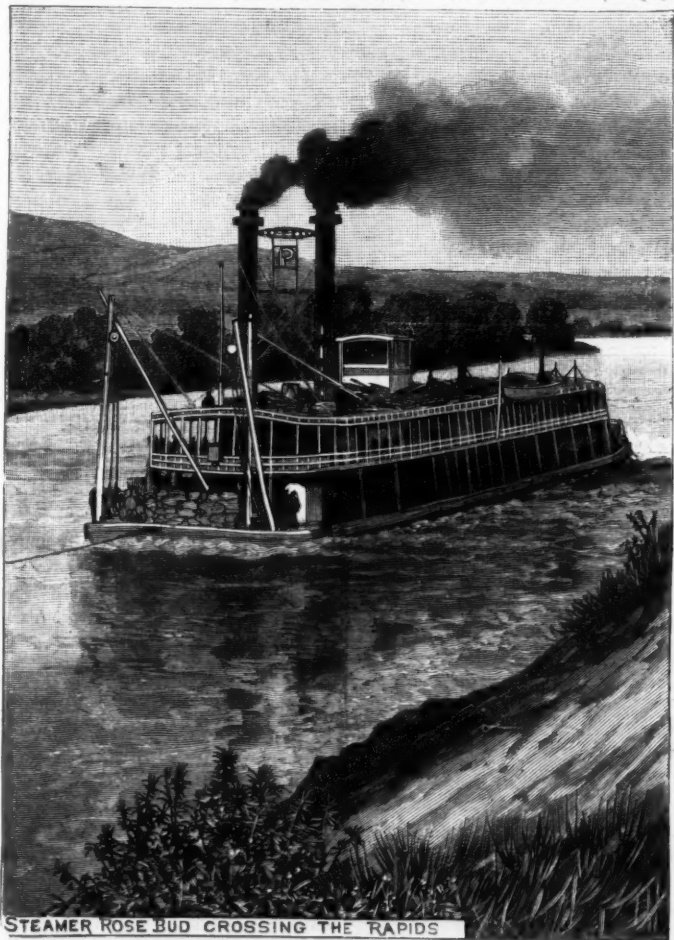
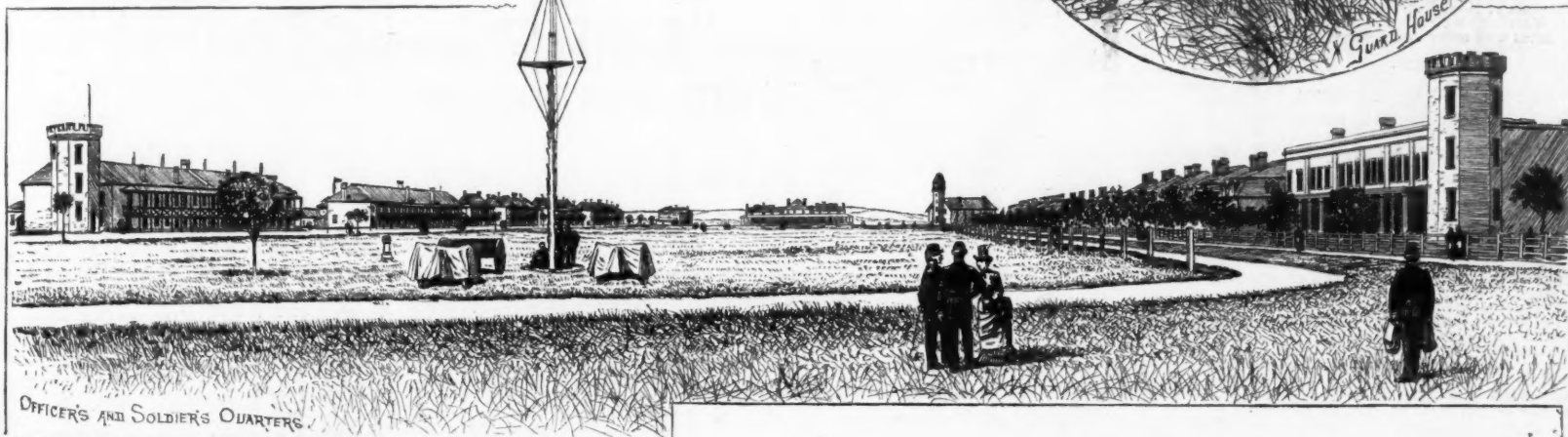
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 311.

FORT ASSINIBOINE, MONTANA.

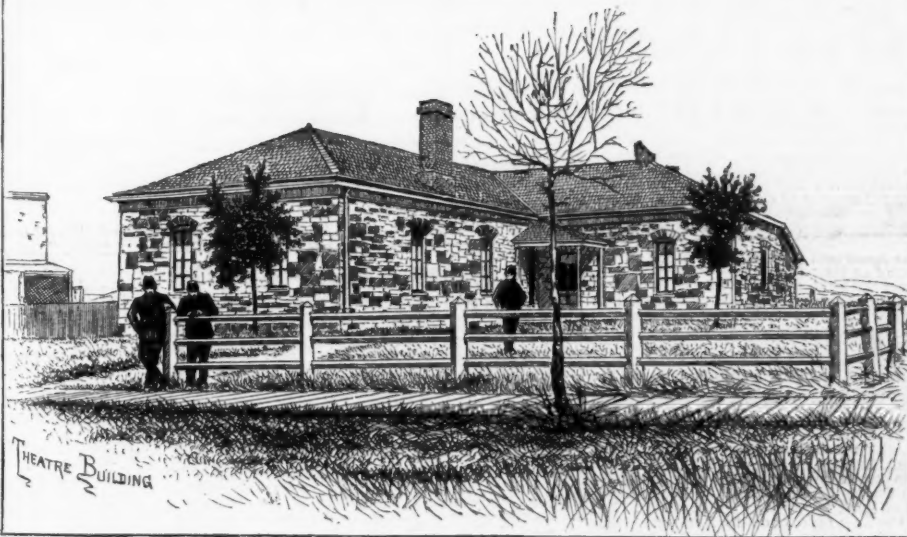
As the network of railways spreads its iron meshes closer about the Western wilderness, the necessity for the numerous small military posts scattered over the Territories becomes less and less each year, and it is the declared policy of the Government to concentrate the army, as soon as practicable, in forts which promise to be permanent ones. As the interior posts on Indian reservations disappear, their garrisons will be gradually withdrawn to posts on the Mexican and Canadian borders, along which are strategic points which it will be the aim of our Government to hold in considerable force. This chain of permanent posts along our Western border is already pretty well defined in Forts Townsend, Vancouver, Sherman, Assiniboine, Totten, Snelling, and others bordering the great lakes. Among these, one of the largest and most important is the subject of our sketches in this issue, Fort Assiniboine, Montana Territory. It is situated on Milk River, Montana, forty miles south of the line, and at the base of the Bear Paw Mountains, near where General Miles had his famous battle with the Nez Percés in 1877. The post was estab-

lished in 1879, mainly as a solution of the Indian question. It is upon the vast reservation of the Piegiens, Gros Ventres and Assiniboines, and in the line of their constant travel to and from the Canadian tribes. Its influence in suppressing the raids of different gangs of these various tribes of savages was quickly seen, and justified the selection of its site. But its importance does not cease with the now almost complete subjugation of unruly redskins. Its situation on the Cypress Road, the main highway to Canada in this region, its proximity to the Canadian Pacific Railway, its distance from other military points, east and west, and the substantial character of its construction, must give it a permanent future.

The post is built entirely of brick, with handsome, warm and spacious quarters for both officers and men, arranged upon the recent improved plans for army quarters. It is watered by a mountain stream, and has in the range a few miles back of it an inexhaustible supply of fuel-timber, while coal may be obtained on the Indian reservation close by. Its garrison consists of three troops of the First



STEAMER ROSEBUD CROSSING THE RAPIDS



THE HOSPITAL



TRADER'S STORE

Cavalry and seven companies of the Twentieth Infantry, and is commanded by Major Henry Carroll, First Cavalry. To the artilleryman who writes theoretical essays on the art of war in his cramped-up casemates of the East, and who complains that the lieutenants of the army have naught to do in these effete days of peace, the bustle and stir at this typical frontier station would be a revelation. Were he to take a year's term at the unscientific duty which falls to the lot of cavalry and infantry officers here, he would in the winter season become painfully familiar with scouts and escort duty on foot, horseback, or dougherty-wagon, according to the circumstances of the case, with hard bread and bacon fare, and with the practical discussion of the "lines of least resistance," while dragging his pack-mules and wagons through Western snowdrifts. In the season from Spring to late Autumn he would find himself so constantly in the saddle, on scouts, patrol duty and numerous other sorts of detached service, that he would possibly forget to complain of the inertia of army life. His eye, accustomed to the limited space of a seaport garrison,

MONTANA.—A FRONTIER MILITARY POST—VIEWS AT FORT ASSINIBOINE, ON MILK RIVER.

FROM PHOTOS. BY BARRY, BISMARCK, DAKOTA.

would gaze with wonder on the vast parade-ground, immense storehouses, target-ranges whose extent is limited only by the line of sight, and landscape of boundless prairie, dotted with mountain-peaks a hundred miles away.

But while bitter Winters, isolation and constant field service have acquainted Assiniboine troops with every phase of frontier hardship up to the present time, the Manitoba transcontinental line is laying its track a mile and a half from the post while this is being written, and with the speedy end this promises to put to Indian service, and with the facilities it offers for mail, travel and supplies, this fine frontier post will soon be in very truth a "green spot in the desert."

MESSRS. RAYMOND & WHITCOMB'S CALIFORNIA TOURS.

The Winter and Spring trips to California managed by Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb are more popular this season than ever, as is evidenced by the large advance booking. Special trains of the finest Pullman cars in use, with dining-cars attached, convey the passengers across the continent. On the Pacific Coast every possible latitude is afforded, the traveler selecting his place of sojourn and the time of return. There is a choice of three outward routes and five routes returning. Hotel coupons, good at the Raymond, the new and elegant Hotel del Monte, and all the other leading Pacific Coast resorts. Persons contemplating a visit to California or Mexico should obtain Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's circulars. An advertisement gives dates and other facts.

THE FLORIDA SEASON OPENS.

THE ST. JAMES, Jacksonville, Fla., famous and celebrated among Winter Resort hotels, opened on the 1st inst. with a goodly number of guests. The splendid establishment is, if possible, additionally attractive this season, for, although it is one of the oldest hotels in Florida, by constant alterations and improvements, it is still one of the most complete and modern. Notwithstanding its large size, there is an air of quiet elegance about the St. James, which to persons of refined tastes cannot be otherwise than pleasing. The appointments of the House are rich and tasteful, without garishness or anything that could possibly be called "loud." The service is entirely satisfactory, and the cuisine is fully equal to that of any hotel in the country. By reason of the location and beautiful surroundings of the St. James, it always has a longer season than is usually allotted Winter Resort hotels, and with the many additional attractions that are offered to tourists this season in and about Jacksonville, it is expected the season will be one of unusual brilliancy.

CONSOLIDATION.

THE ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT AND MANUFACTURING CO. TO BE ABSORBED BY THE AMERICAN COMPANY.

(From Boston Daily Advertiser, December 13, 1887.)

Consolidation seems to be the order of the day in all the larger branches of business. President Goff of the American Electric Manufacturing Company, of New York, was in the city Saturday in consultation with Manager Brown and the principal stockholders of the Electrical Development and Manufacturing Company of this city, and he stated that an arrangement had been arrived at by which the entire factory, property and patents belonging to the Electrical Development Company will be absorbed by the American Company for stock in the latter Company at its par value.

An interview with the manager of the Electrical Development Company discloses the fact that this Company is now doing a very large and prosperous business in the manufacture of electric supplies of all kinds, but that the bulk of the business—say about eighty per cent. of a business over half a million dollars per annum—is now done for the American Company.

He says the American Company are now making preparations to largely extend their manufacturing facilities in New Haven and consolidate all their works there, which would in a short time deprive the Development Company of this large income. The manager also stated that under the circumstances he considers the consolidation of the entire business under one head a very wise thing to do. Mr. Brown says the new factory of the American Company will employ about one thousand workmen, and have a capacity for turning out two to two and a half millions dollars worth of apparatus per annum.

BATES'S FABLE NO. III.

OF A SILLY MAN.

A SILLY Man who kept a Store, as did his Father before him, once found Himself with a Big stock of Goods and Nobody to buy 'em. Being at his Wits' end, He asked a Neighbor who knows a Thing or two what in the World he could do to save Himself. His knowing Neighbor Pressed it on him to Advertise these Goods in the Newspapers, in order that Folks might know of 'em and So come and Buy. "No, no," said this Silly Man, "I cannot do so; my Father never did such a Thing, and it is not Genteel."

So one Day it came to Pass that this Silly Man went all to Pieces and was looked at with Scorn as a Bankrupt, but Plumed himself on having kept his Gentility.

THE MORAL.

Pride goeth ill with a lean Purse and An empty Stomach. J. H. BATES.

FUN.

We understand that there is a plot on foot among certain American husbands and fathers to get Worth, of Paris, assassinated.—Burlington Free Press.

Get the best and the cheapest. SALVATION OIL relieves in the twinkling of an eye. 25c. A million Americans use DR. BELL'S COUGH SYRUP. Other nations in proportion. 25 cts.

ILLS OF CHILDREN.

Mrs. M. J. FRENCH, of Ludington, Mich., writes of the successful treatment of her child for "diphtheria" with "Compound Oxygen." Mothers everywhere are finding it an aid to them in many ways, and are enthusiastic in their praise of this simple and pleasant remedy.

A mother writing from Italy Hill, N. Y., says: "I believe I never told you that I gave it to my two children, who had always been very slender, and have never had to call in a doctor for them since. They are both healthy now."

A gentleman of Brooklyn, New York, writes of the restoration of a son of ten years from gastric fever, after having been given up by his physician. A young gentleman of Roxbury, New York, who had from infancy been a great sufferer from asthma, writes that by its use he has been entirely cured, and wishes he could tell every asthma sufferer of the value of Compound Oxygen.

"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a volume of two hundred pages, published by DR. STARKY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., which will be mailed free to any address on application.

"THE CURIO," of which the December number is the fourth, is an exceedingly elegant publication, and presents a prosperous appearance. It is devoted especially to genealogy, heraldry, biography, autographs, book-plates, old furniture and artistic and literary bric-a-brac in general; but its table of contents includes poems, stories and descriptive articles by distinguished contributors. While it does not insist upon its claim to be an art magazine, it is nevertheless sumptuously illustrated, and its frontispieces and plates celebrate works of art, as well as original productions of American talent. The Curio is edited by Mr. E. de V. Vermont.

MR. KAERCROSS'S LUNACY.

A COMPROMISE EFFECTED IN THE CASE OF THE DRUGGIST WHO DREW A LOTTERY PRIZE.

THE case of Edward H. Kaercross, who is alleged to be an habitual drunkard and not competent to take care of his estate, came up before Samuel E. Cavin, the examiner appointed by the Court, yesterday afternoon. No witnesses were present and no testimony was taken, and after the jury were got together the case was adjourned until next Monday, when a meeting will be held in the Grand Jury room in the new Courthouse.

Mr. Kaercross is the proprietor of a retail drug store at 24 South Second Street, and several years ago was a big advertiser of a preparation called "Asparago." A short time ago he purchased a ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew a prize of \$10,000. As soon as it was an assured fact that the money was en route to this city his relatives went into court, and on their petition a commission in lunacy was appointed. Mr. Kaercross is unmarried, and the principal party to the petition for the commission is his mother, Louisa J. Morgan.

Mr. Cavin said last night that a compromise had been offered by Mr. Kaercross, but he was not at liberty to state just what it was.—Philadelphia Press, Dec. 6th.

FOR AN IRRITATED THROAT,

Cough or Cold, "Brown's Bronchial Troches," are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy.—[Adv.]

NO CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S TABLE

SHOULD be without a bottle of ANGSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Be sure to get the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists. DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S



EXTRACT OF MEAT and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Darlington,
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Upholstery, Portieres, Tapestries,
SATIN DAMASKS,
Silk and Lace Draperies,
TABLE COVERS,
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The GREAT ENGLISH DISINFECTANT.

The First Requisite in all Dwellings.

The most POWERFUL and PLEASANT of all PREPARATIONS in use.

Fragrant, Non-poisonous, does not stain Linen.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Fluid, for sprinkling about rooms, disinfecting linen, and general house use.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Powder, a powerful and pleasant preparation for stables, kennels, ashbins, &c.

"SANITAS" Crude Disinfecting Fluid, a concentrated form of "Sanitas," to be diluted with water for flushing drains, &c.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Oil, for fumigating sick rooms, treatment of throat complaints, rheumatism and ringworm.

"Sanitas" Disinfecting Toilet and Laundry Soaps, &c., &c.

THE REGULAR USE OF

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, and Deodorant, is a sure preventive of all contagious and infectious diseases. It is invaluable in the sick room.

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"SANITAS" IS NATURE'S DISINFECTANT.

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The leading American School of Music. The following gentlemen comprise the Faculty: Dudley Buck, Samuel P. Warren, Harry Rowe Shelley, Dr. L. A. Baralt, H. W. Greene, Chas. Roberts, Jr., Walter J. Hall, C. B. Ruttenber, D. L. Dowd, C. B. Hawley, L. A. Russell, August Dupin, G. B. Penny. Every possible advantage is offered both in class and private teaching. Over 200 applicants last year. H. W. Greene, C. B. Hawley, Directors. 21 East 14th St., New York.



MAGIC IMP BOTTLE a very amusing and a brain puzzler. It is a curiosity and as straight as a flagstaff, and no one can make it lie down; but when you take it down it will go like a sleepy kitten. It causes heaps of fun. Full directions with each. Sample by mail, 10 cts.; 5, 25 cts.; one dozen, 75 cts. HOWARD MFG. CO., 45 Eddy St., Providence, R. I.

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INDIEN
GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

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PLANTS or BULBS. For 1888 is better than ever, and should be in the hands of every person contemplating buying. It contains 3 Colored Plates, thousands of Illustrations, and nearly 150 pages, telling what to buy, and where to get it, and naming lowest prices for honest goods. Price of GUIDE only 10 cents, including a certificate good for 10 cents worth of Seeds. JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.

56 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, OR MAIL, \$1.00.



BEAUTY
of
Skin & Scalp
RESTORED
by the
CUTICURA
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.



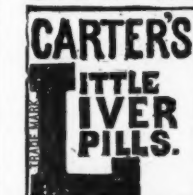
ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular. BRENT GOOD & Co., 37 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

STEINWAY

The Standard Pianos of the World!

The Largest Establishment in Existence.

Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

A DEEP MYSTERY. Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co., will start you. Capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast before. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.



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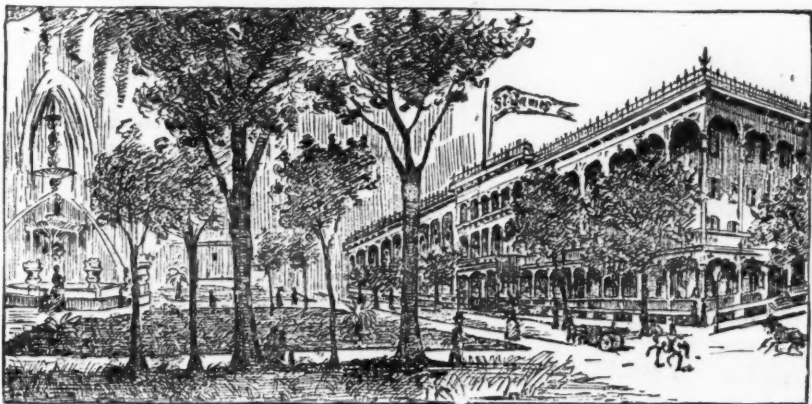
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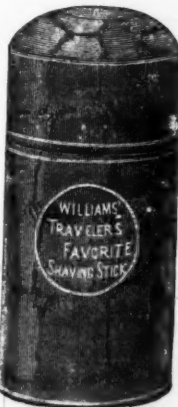
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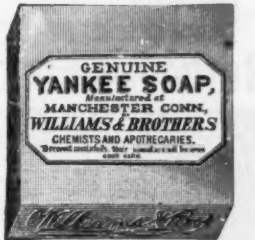
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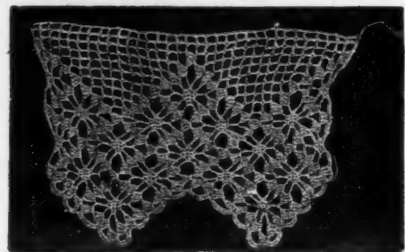
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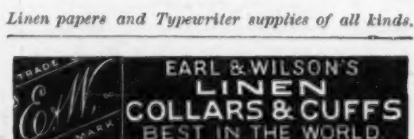
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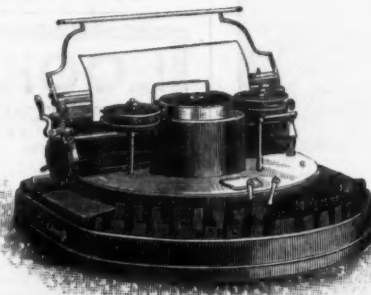
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Thursday, Jan. 12.—Via Chicago, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Barstow, San Bernardino, etc.

Monday, Jan. 16.—Via Cincinnati, Mammoth Cave, New Orleans, Galveston, San Antonio, etc.

Monday, Jan. 23.—Via Council Bluffs, Denver, Ogden, Salt Lake City, etc.

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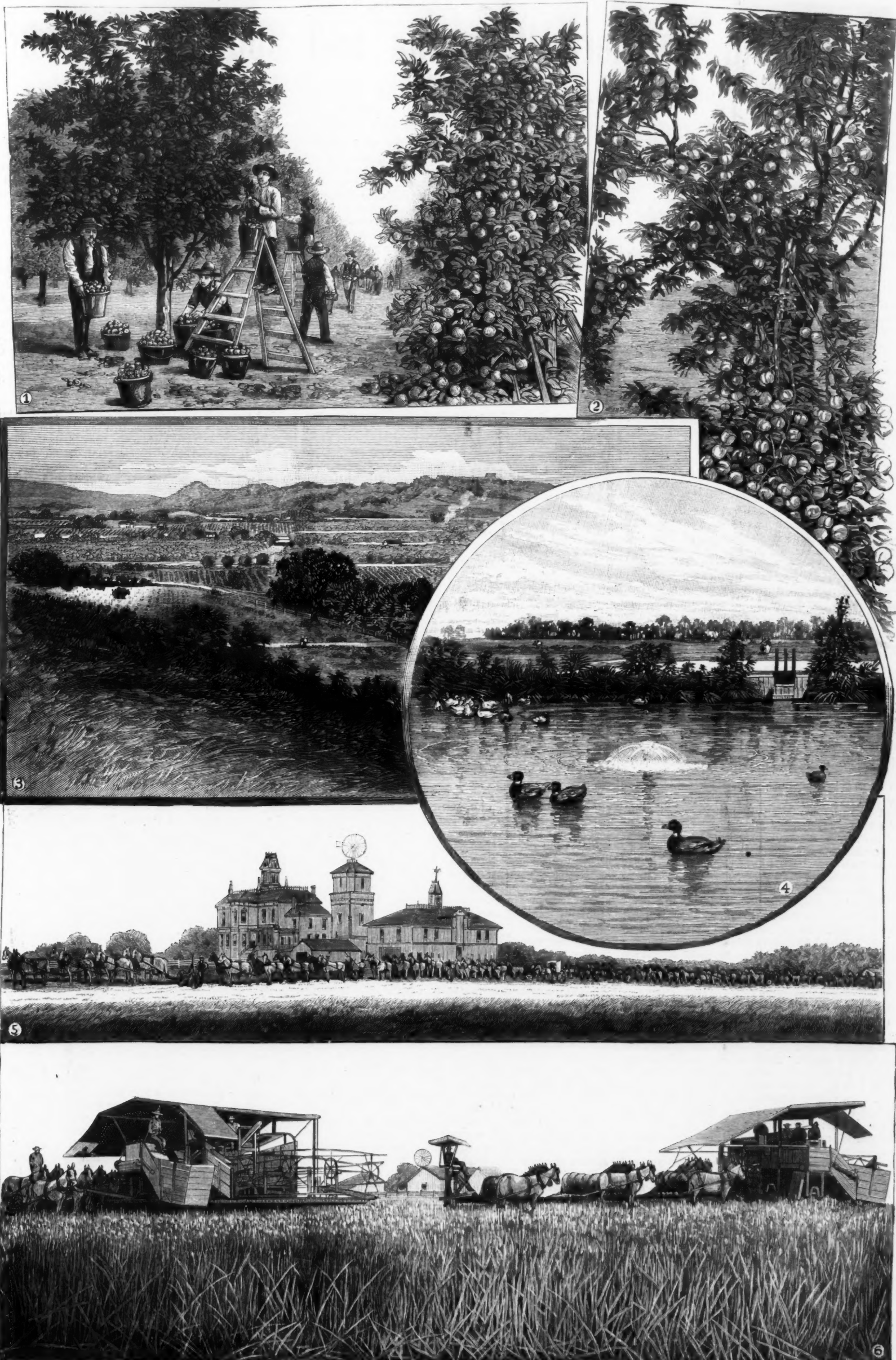
Dates of other California Excursions.—February 2, 7 and 20; March 8 and 12.

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1. ORANGE ORCHARD AT OROVILLE, BUTTE COUNTY. 2. PEACH-TREE BROKEN DOWN BY ITS OWN FRUIT, AT VACAVILLE, SOLANO COUNTY. 3. GENERAL VIEW OF VACAVILLE. 4. AN ARTESIAN WELL IN TULARE COUNTY. 5. PLOW-TEAMS LEAVING FOR WORK. 6. COMBINED HARVESTER IN OPERATION, NEAR MERCED, MERCED COUNTY.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TABER, OF SAN FRANCISCO.
SEE PAGES 322, 323, 326 AND 327.

Central and Northern California and Southern Oregon.

COMPLETION OF THE RAILROAD BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND PORTLAND.

SEE PAGES 321, 324, 325 AND 328.

WE present to our readers this week eight pages of illustrations and descriptions of Central and Northern California, including two views of valleys in Southern Oregon. The engravings are mostly from photographs by Taber, of San Francisco, whose pictures of the far-famed Yosemite Valley, Big Trees, Lake Tahoe, the Geysers, Santa Cruz and the Hotel del Monte, adorn many an Eastern drawing-room. Central and Northern California embrace all those counties lying above San Luis Obispo in the west, and Kern and Inyo Counties in the east. There is no strictly geographical or topographical separating line, however; and what constitutes either Southern, Central or Northern California may be left partly to an intelligent imagination or sectional interest. One thing is certain: San Diego, San Bernardino, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara are known as the southern counties, and have received the appellation of Southern California, which is geographically correct. Mr. W. H. Mills, of San Francisco, an eminently brilliant writer and observer, and a gentleman who has made this subject a matter of careful and conservative study, in a paper read before the Academy of Sciences, in San Francisco, a year or more ago, declared that the line dividing Southern California from the other parts of the State "ran along the northern boundary of Santa Barbara, through the southern portion of Kern, along the northern line of San Bernardino County"; and this imaginary line has been generally favored, so far as any but political considerations are concerned—as the carvers of a new State delineate their lines much higher. The dividing line respectively designating Central and Northern California is still a more difficult separating boundary to create, even by imagination—as climate, healthfulness and productiveness and prodigality of soil present no marked features of difference. The orange, the apple, the pear, peach, fig, apricot, plum, persimmon, the vine, all vegetables and all grain thrive as regularly and abundantly in one place as in another where homes are made or where rich soils are cultivated. There are mountains and waste places in every county in California from Siskiyou, in the north, to San Diego, in the south; but there are tens of thousands of smiling valleys, big and little, scattered like gems, from north to south and from east to west, where the climate is inviting and invigorating the year round, and where millions yet to emigrate may help adorn a section of country—unrivaled by any other in the United States or Europe—already dotted with farms and homesteads, where horses, cattle and sheep roam and rest year in and year out without any shelter except an Arcadian canopy, and where a man may work out-of-doors in his shirt-sleeves from January to December, and sleep under a blanket each night, and literally live under his own vine and fig-tree.

Page 321 contains combination pictures from photographs by Taber of scenes in Central California, which may be elaborately described as follows: 1 Presents a view of an Orange Orchard at Oroville, Butte County, during the "picking season," which lasts from December until May. As Butte County is one of the most northern within the boundary of what is sectionally termed Central California, and as it lies well up in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, it is deserving of considerable attention on account of its richness of soil, its entrancing climate and healthful location, and its adaptability to every conceivable character of horticulture and agriculture known in the Temperate Zone. Its scenery the year round combines the late Summer and early Autumn picturesqueness of the Bruig Pass from Alpnach to Brienz, except that, unlike that delightful part of Switzerland, its congenial seasons not only linger, but repose, in the embrace of Winters in name and partial appearance only. Butte is bounded on the north by Tehama, east by Plumas, south by Yuba and Sutter, and west by Colusa. The county has an area of 1,765 square miles, or 1,130,000 acres. The assessed value of real and personal property for 1887 is nearly \$20,000,000, and the present population is estimated at only 21,000, although there is room and land enough for a million. There are one hundred and fifty manufacturing establishments of various kinds within its boundaries; and the capital employed, in the aggregate, amounts to more than \$1,000,000. Agriculture, lumbering, fruit-raising and mining are the leading industries. In the vicinity of Oroville and Chico citrus fruits are grown in great perfection, and their exhibits at the three last annual fairs at Sacramento for displays of semi-tropical fruits grown in Central and Northern California attracted great attention, and challenged the surprise of all who witnessed them—and most especially those fruit-growers from other parts of the State who, up to those years, had not been fully convinced that citrus fruits of such rare beauty and excellence could be produced in perfection along the upper ridges of the Sacramento Valley and among the serrated foothills of the majestic Sierra, whose summits—many of them—are forever mantled with snow. Indeed, there is a famous orange-tree in Butte County that blossoms every year, and puts forth some of the finest and sweetest fruit ever seen, even in snowy weather, and sometimes bears so heavily that it has to be propped up with fence-rails or other timbers. It is really one of the horticultural wonders of California, and stands alone at Bidwell's Bar, a few miles from Oroville. Bidwell's Bar was once a famous mining camp, where General Bidwell, a former member of Congress, discovered gold in fabulous quantities; but the town at last decayed as the "digger's" became worked out. The tree was planted in 1859 with a single seed which had been brought from Acapulco, Mexico. It is 16 inches in diameter, 25 feet in height, and 23 feet through the branches. At one time, in February, 1862, the thermometer at Bidwell's Bar marked 21°,

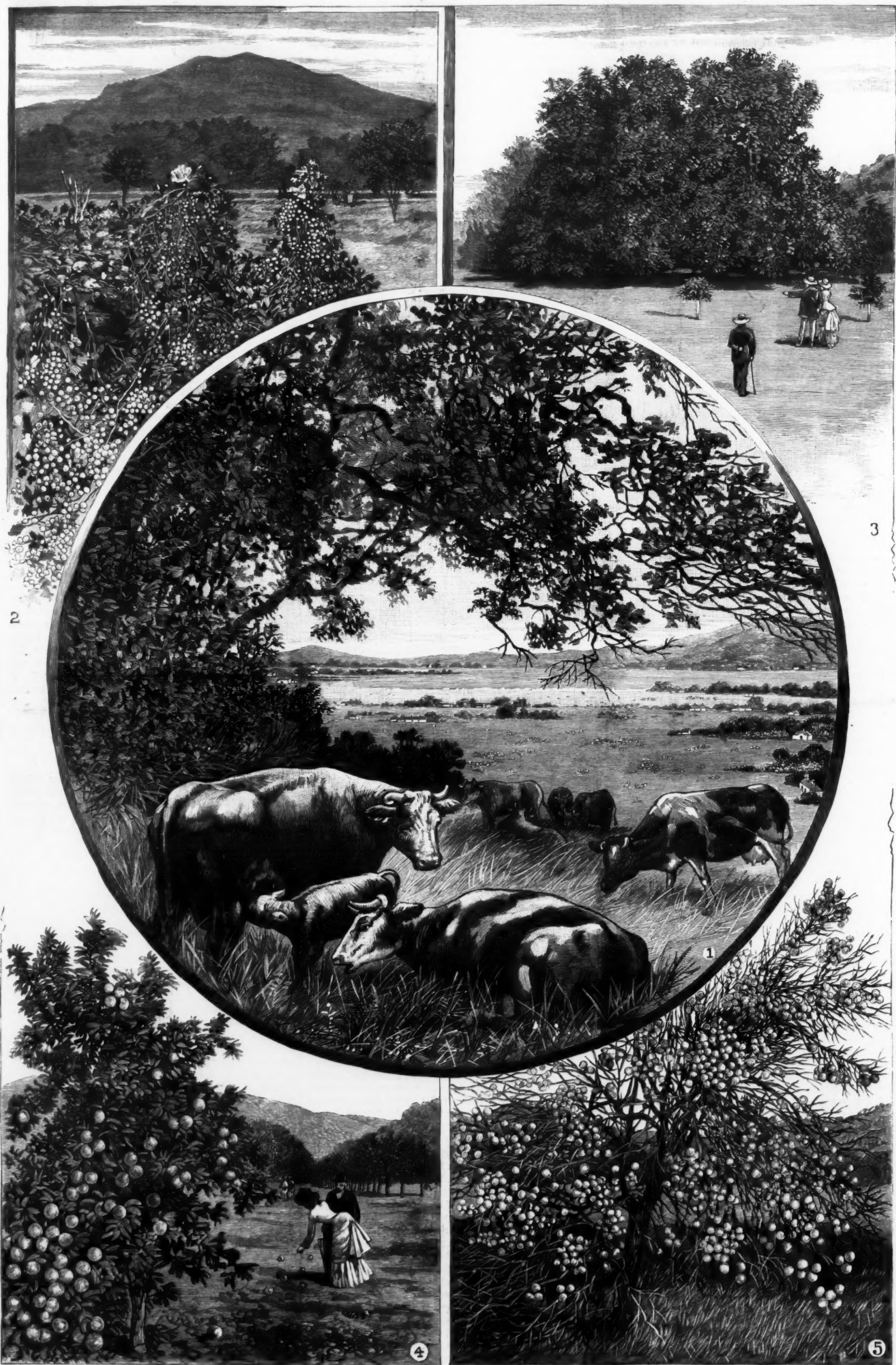
and the foliage of this remarkable tree was covered with sleet for two days, but it blossomed in the month following and bore a fine lot of fruit in December, and the tree again got covered with sleet and snow, but sustained no injury. Since then, in another year, the mercury at Bidwell's Bar went down to 25°, 24° and 23° three days in succession, but the noble tree held its own, as usual. It has produced in a single year over 3,000 oranges. Ripe fruit has been plucked from it in fine condition while snow was lying upon the ground. Snow frequently falls at that place, situated high in the Sierra, but the orange belt, in the neighborhood of Oroville, is free from frosts and snows. At Marysville the Bidwell Bar tree has a mate, which was planted in that city by a man named Nightingale. The tree is large and a good producer, although it is not as good as the tree at Bidwell's Bar. Oroville is often called the "Riverside of Central California," on account of the beauty and sweetness of its oranges and other citrus fruits. The writer of this article was present at the citrus fair held in Sacramento in December, 1886 (from the 13th to the 18th), and at which twenty-two counties of Central and Northern California were represented; and, while he saw masses of golden fruit from all, and particularly from Yolo, Yuba, Sutter, Placer, Solano, Sacramento and Butte, he surmised that the Gardens of the Hesperides in and about the county seat of the latter must have been selectly ransacked, so glittering and luxuriant and tempting was the display of the producers of Oroville. There were 114 of them, who made 218 entries from their county, as follows: Oranges, forty; lemons, eight; Japanese persimmons, eight; almonds, soft and hard shell, fifteen; walnuts (three varieties), eight; chestnuts, three; apples, fifteen; pomegranates, fifteen; olives on branches, four; olives picked, five; pickled olives, three; olive-oil, four; thirty boxes of raisins (sixteen varieties), eight; limes, three; wines (five varieties), three; quinces, five; grapes (forty-five varieties), ten; Sicily lemons, seven; Butte County Infirmary (five varieties of oranges), one; courthouse display (five varieties of oranges), one; American chestnuts, one; Winter pears, two; orange-trees full of fruit, two; Flint corn, three; vegetables (eight varieties), five, with many branches of fruit. The altitude of Oroville is only 177 feet above the sea-level; but Cherokee Flat is 1,200 feet, and Forest Ranch 2,000 feet, and oranges grow and ripen in these two places as reliably as at Oroville. The citrus-fruit belt of Butte County is from fifteen to twenty miles wide and forty miles long, extending through the county northwest and southeast, embracing at least seven hundred square miles. The soil is very rich, of a reddish cast, and the fruits grown are superior in quality. Fruit land can be obtained in Oroville citrus-fruit belt at \$15, \$20, and \$25 per acre, in any quantity. Butte County lies about fifty miles north of the City of Sacramento, with which it is connected by rail. Chico, which is on the line of railroad between Sacramento and Mount Shasta, and which lies in the midst of a vast area of adjoining country watered by the Sacramento River and by other lesser streams which come bubbling and murmuring from the ices and snows of majestic earth giants not many miles away, is the home of General Bidwell, whose exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition was the finest and largest ever made by any one person or by any one section of country in the world, and comprised ninety varieties of wheat, many of corn and barley, cotton and tobacco, honey, 100 varieties of English walnuts and almonds, and several of chestnuts, filberts, peanuts, butternuts, apples, pears, peaches, plums, figs, prunes, cherries, quinces, oranges, lemons, limes, pomegranates (fresh, dried and preserved, with but few exceptions), 200 kinds of grapes, raisins, hundreds of varieties of vegetable and flower seeds, wines of many kinds, and grades of rye, etc., all grown upon his ranch, and of which a correspondent of a New York paper has lately written: "Such a country I have never seen; nor has my companion, Mr. Knox, a member of the Assembly from Los Angeles County, who had gone to Chico with a committee appointed to select a site for the Normal School for Northern California. He was the most delighted man that had been seen in these parts for many days. His enthusiasm was at a bubbling-over point. The adjectives learned in extolling the southern country were insufficient to describe what he had seen in Yuba, Butte and Sutter Counties. Such a country he had never seen. Such immense fields of waving grain, such extensive orchards, such streams of water, such inexhaustible belts of timber, and the prices at which all were held, were to him so extremely low, that his admiration and astonishment knew no bounds. Chico, he said, was a most beautiful town. There was nothing in the State, either north or south, that could compare with it in beauty; as for General Bidwell's ranch, it was the finest in the world. The thirty-mile drives through fields of grain and blooming orchards, over scores of crystal streams with pebbly bottoms, through groves of mammoth oak, were simply to him indescribable. While the south was all they claimed for it—while it was a good place for emigrants to spend wealth they had acquired elsewhere—Mr. Knox frankly admitted that if a friend of his from the East desired to know of him the most favored spot in California, the best place to invest in a home, he should certainly have to advise him to locate in the fertile Valley of the Sacramento, on the banks of the American, Feather or Yuba River, or in the luxuriant foothills of the northern citrus belt, teeming with growths of the choicest timber, rippling with crystal streams, and inhabited by the most humane, the most hospitable and the biggest-hearted people in the world." What has been said of Butte and the other counties already mentioned may be also written of Sacramento and

Placer; and the writer is not so sure but that the latter (made up almost entirely of mountain and foothill and foothill valleys) may not be regarded as the banner county in the production of fruits of all kinds, although the sunshine comes into it in all directions over the tops of heaven-kissing mountains and through illimitable fields of everlasting snows. But there is the same balmy and elastic climate, and the same fertility of soil, and the same elements of healthfulness, that are found elsewhere in the wonderful region of which we write. There is the same animated panorama of the offerings of Pomona and Flora, as may be demonstrated by the following description of the exhibit of Placer County at the Sacramento citrus fair held in December, 1886, thus: "Number of exhibitors, seventy-two; number of entries, two hundred and twenty; oranges, sixty. Of these, there were: Seedling, fifteen; Mediterranean Navel, three; Washington Navel, three; Australian Navel, five; Brazilian Navel, one; olives on branches, nine; olives picked, sixteen; Japanese tea-plant, matured, one; lemons, five; hard-shell almonds, six; soft-shell almonds, three; grape brandy, three; Catawba wine, four (one nine years old); Angelica wine, five; quinces, eight; French prunes, three; cotton, picked, two; cotton-stalks, with bolls, four; dried fruits, twenty-five; pine-apple squash, one; ripe tomatoes on vines, two; figs, eight; dried, three; white figs, two; black, three; grapes, twenty (forty varieties); pepper-plant, fruiting, two; persimmons, five; strawberries, ripe and ripening, three; shad-docks, seven; English walnuts, seven; black walnuts, five; Italian chestnuts, three; pecan nuts, one; apples, five (sixteen varieties); a grape-vine thirty feet in length, one year's growth; potato-plants, green; green-pea vine, bearing peas; all varieties of vegetables; ripe potatoes, planted September 1st; green-corn; several branches full of oranges, and a bamboo-stalk, twenty-one feet high. The following individual exhibits are worthy of special mention: Dr. J. M. Frey, Newcastle—Oranges, lemons, sweet oil, olives, tomatoes, pomegranates, etc.; also dried fruits, a large exhibit. Robt. H. Scott, Newcastle—One box containing almonds, walnuts and chestnuts; one plate olives; one plate pomegranates; one plate St. Michaels; one plate Navel; one plate seedlings; one plate persimmons; two plates shadocks; one plate quinces. Antone S. Frats, Newcastle—Has forty-five acres in fruit, large exhibit; 1,190 seedling oranges; two hundred and seventy-five Brazilian Navels; 3,000 Mediterranean Sweets; and a large lot of lemons. He exhibited 5,000 oranges, five varieties. A. Moger, Newcastle (Rice Ranch)—Twenty-three lots of oranges; Mediterranean Sweets, St. Michaels, Konah, Rice's Gem, Magnum Bonum and seedlings; five plates Shadocks; clusters of Mediterranean Sweets; five plates Washington Navels; choice exhibit. W. J. Wilson, Newcastle—Two branches oranges; one lot boll cotton, in pod; one lot cotton plants, with cotton; one lot grapes, Verdil variety; two boxes dried figs; thirty-five boxes of oranges of the following varieties: Konah, Mediterranean Sweets, Magnum Bonums, Mission, Florida Gems, seedlings, clusters of oranges, quinces, Japanese persimmons, pomegranates, apples, new potatoes, from seed planted in September; potato plants, green-pea vines, showing blossoms and peas; green onions, growing; turnips, lettuce; one cutting from a grape-vine twenty-five feet long, one year's growth; one orange branch twelve feet high, one year's growth; large exhibit. C. M. Silva & Son, Newcastle—Large exhibit of oranges: One lot Mediterranean Sweets, one lot Blood oranges, one lot Florida, one lot Wilson's Best, one lot from tree transplanted while in full bloom, one lot Navels, one lot Washington Navels, one lot Konahs, one lot Thomlers (sweet kind of lemon), one lot China lemons, two lots budded from Sacramento seedling, one lot budded from Los Angeles seedling, one lot Wolfskills, one lot St. Michaels, one lot Du Roi, one lot Pumero and Thomlers Sweets, one lot Emperor Mandarins, one lot Acapulco seedlings, one lot budded from Floridas (buds obtained from Florida), one lot Ornamental Bitter oranges, one lot clusters of all varieties, one lot Florida Gem, one tray Mediterranean Sweets, one tray ripe tomatoes, one tray vegetables, one tray English walnuts, one tray Italian chestnuts, one tray Languedoc almonds, one tray paper-shell almonds, one tray Harrott seedling almonds, one tray American persimmons, one lot Mission olives, one lot Eastern black walnuts, one lot California black walnuts. C. M. Silva & Son's personal exhibit made the finest appearance in the Pavilion. Placer's exhibit of apples excelled all others." The above speaks more credibly and creditably for Placer County than the writer could without access to the committee's books, although he saw, with his own eyes, Placer County's section freighted with semi-tropical and other sweets, festooned with aromatic shrubs and flowers, and palms of bosky luxuriance and flavor. And, for the information of intending settlers, who are beginning to turn their attention to Central and Northern California, the writer wishes to point out the fact that Placer is a county of great resources—long famous as a mining and lumbering county, and recently noted for its vines and fruits, as well as potter's clay, iron ore, coal, lime and granite, the latter being in great abundance and of superior quality. Placer is over one hundred miles in length, extending from the Nevada State line, over the summit of the Sierra, down into the valley, to within eight miles of the Sacramento River. It has an average width of less than fifteen miles; its area being 1,386 square miles larger than the State of Rhode Island. The Central Pacific Railroad runs almost the entire length of Placer County, rising 7,017 feet in crossing the summit of the Sierra. Donner Lake and a portion of Lake Tahoe are in Placer County. It is estimated that this county has given to

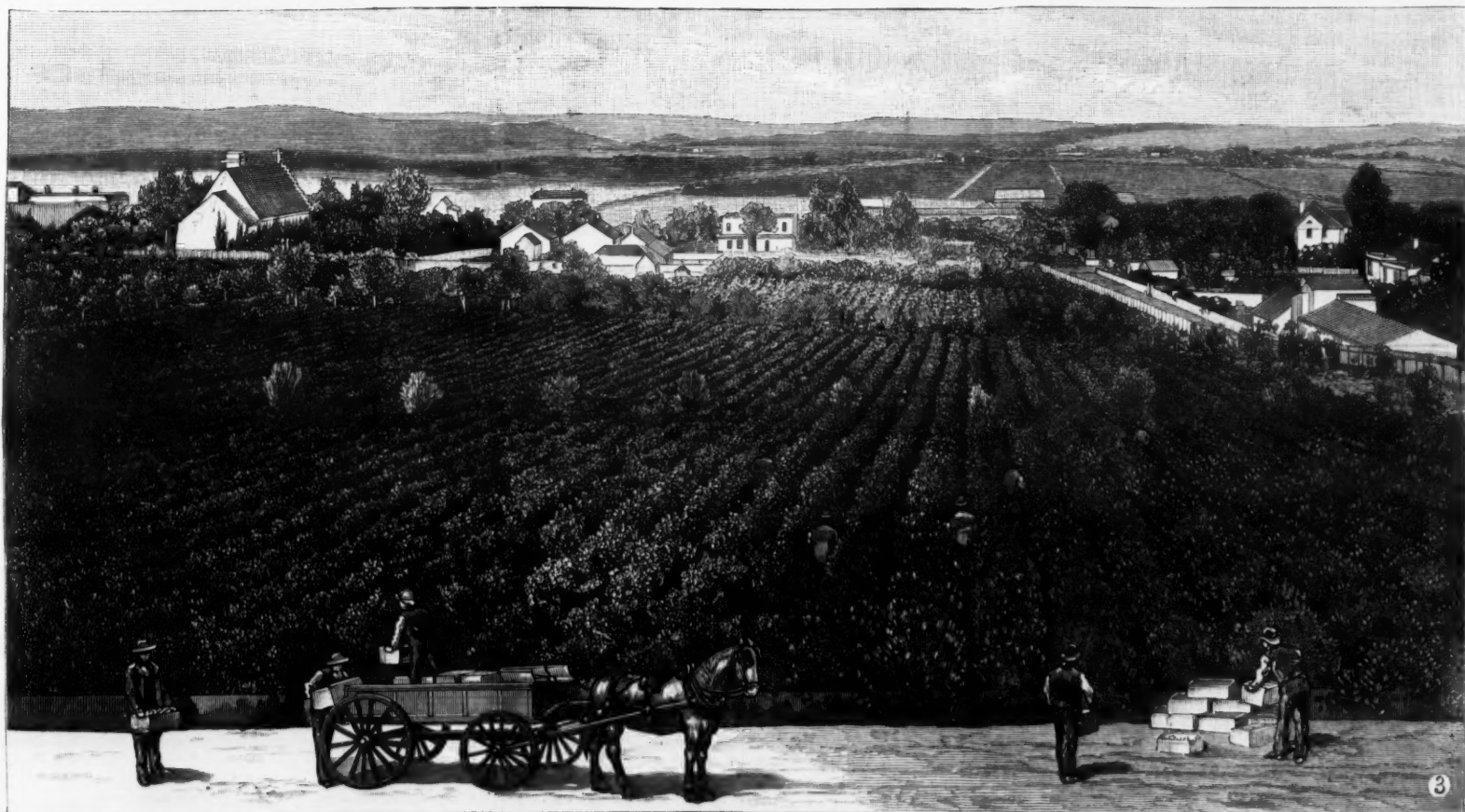
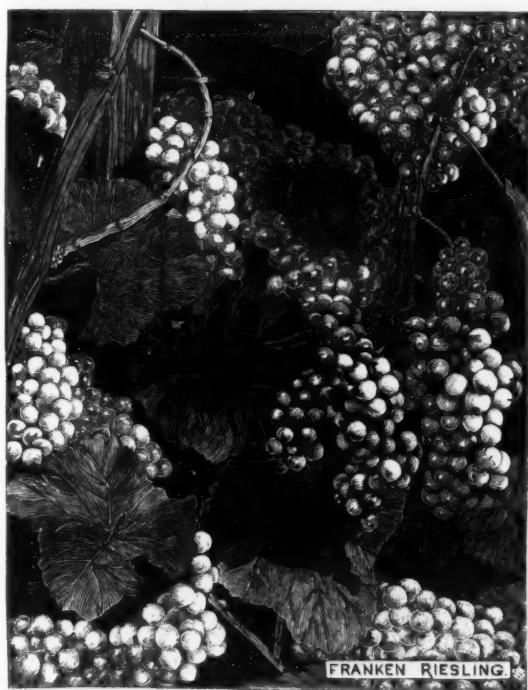
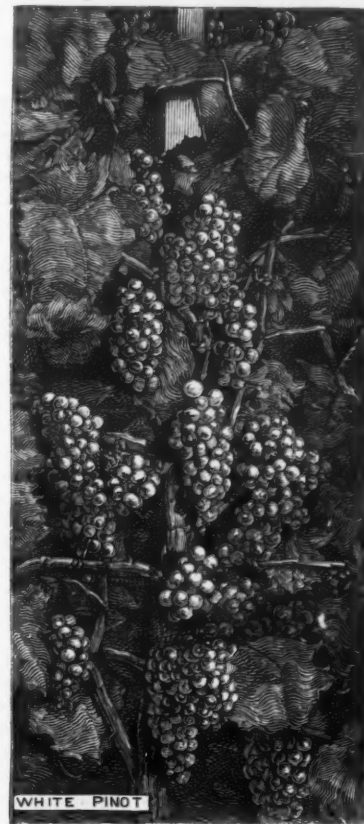
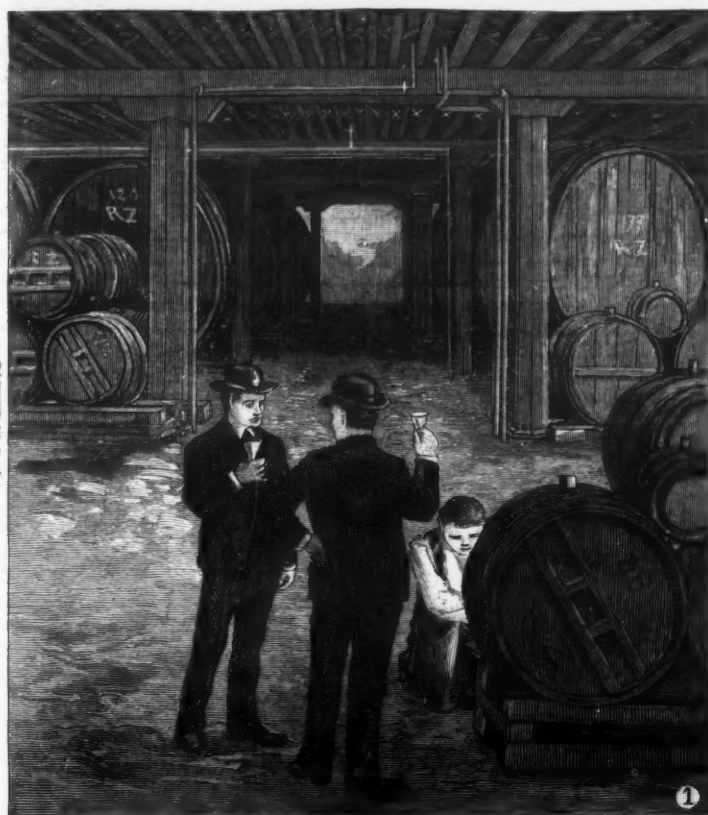
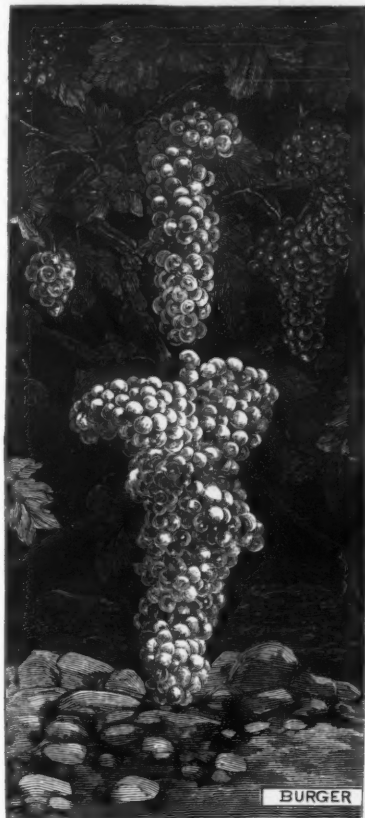
the country \$35,000,000 of gold from its mines, and 16,000,000 feet of lumber are annually produced from its mills. In the fruit belt the climate is very mild, and in the neighborhood of Ophir, Newcastle and Pearyn, on and near the railroad, are some of the finest vineyards and orange groves in Central California. In many localities the tenderest plants are not touched by frost in winter, and irrigation as a rule is unnecessary. The fruits of Placer are noted, not only for their fine flavor, but especially for their keeping quality. It is estimated that from the fruit-belt section in Placer there were shipped East, of green fruits, in 1885, 6,145,111 pounds, or one hundred and ninety-two car-loads. The average rainfall is 46.28 inches. The highest temperature, once, in one year, was one hundred and five degrees, and once in another year, one hundred and one degree. The lowest in December, twenty-six degrees, and once twenty-eight degrees. Placer is a prosperous county. Its taxable property is \$13,000,000. Prices of land vary from \$5 to \$75 per acre. New farms are being opened and hundreds of thousands of fruit trees are being planted. 2. A Peach-tree Broken Down by the Weight of its own Fruit (as were many hundreds last season), upon the premises of Mr. E. R. Thurber of Vaca Valley, Solano County, Central California. Vaca Valley is in a sense peculiar, and has no rival in sending early fruit to market. It is ahead of all other sections of California several weeks in shipping oranges, cherries, apricots, nectarines, peaches, pears and plums to the San Francisco markets—a fact the writer satisfied himself with from information derived from personal interviews with a number of wholesale and retail dealers of the city above mentioned. 3. A General View of Vaca Valley, nestled charmingly between the main Coast Range and the adjoining foothills, sixty miles northeast from San Francisco, and tapped at Vacaville by the Vaca Valley and Clear Lake Railroad. The semi-tropical winter temperature is here enjoyed amidst most picturesque scenery. The peculiar configuration of the mountains so tempers the winter climate, that the region being alluded to is really a natural hothouse. Here, indeed, in the latitude of Springfield, Illinois, every variety of citrus and deciduous fruits is not only grown without irrigation, but ripens earlier than anywhere else in the United States. Oranges are yearly marketed from this locality in November, which is one, and sometimes two, months before those grown hundreds of miles further south make their appearance; and each season Vaca Valley cherries, grown in the open air, may be seen selling in the markets of San Francisco and Chicago, while the uncongenial Arctic blizzard is still drifting snows in Dakota and the so-called Northwest. Fourteen thousand acres of land around Vacaville are planted to citrus and deciduous fruits and table grapes; and annually more than 1,000 car-loads of these products are shipped to Eastern and to California markets. Every portion of California, and, in fact, of the United States, penetrated by a railroad, affords a market for the fruit of this highly favored region. The early ripening of such fruits renders them an "out of season" luxury, to tempt the palates of the invalid and the epicure, and they therefore command the highest prices. Each season the Vaca Valley cherries, grapes and apricots are shipped north and south, from 600 to 1,500 miles, and sold in all the markets of Northern and Southern California, Arizona and Oregon, before the maturity of the same varieties of fruits of those localities. Why or how it is that the isotherm of Guaymas, or Manzanilla, is found so far north, and so near to San Francisco, the meteorologist has not yet explained; but of one thing there is no uncertainty—that there are at Vacaville African date-trees thirty years old, and bearing fruit alongside of the palm, the orange, and the lime, which alone establishes what is herein stated as a stubborn commercial and horticultural fact. A good many fortunes have been made in fruit farming in Vaca Valley since the Central Pacific Railroad Company opened an outlet to the Eastern cities for the early fruit of Solano County with the suddenness and ease of the old days of Placer mining. The few weeks' time in the earlier part of each season, when the Vaca Valley produce monopolizes the market, but which cannot supply the demand, is an advantage that renders Vacaville fruit-raising more like the working of a horticultural bonanza than the generally slow and not easily earned money acquired by other agricultural pursuits in less favored localities. The shipments of fruits from Vacaville in 1886 were one thousand car-loads, of which nearly two hundred went East, and comprised semi-tropical and deciduous fruits. The following is a summary of the exhibit of Solano County at the Sacramento fair of 1886, which speaks for itself: Walnuts, three varieties; almonds, two varieties; raisins, several varieties; grapes, forty varieties; olives, three varieties; olive oil; oranges measuring fifteen and a half inches in circumference; Japanese persimmons, pears, quinces, two varieties; branches of date-palm; brandy twenty-six years old; six hundred oranges, picked from a tree seven years old; sweet potatoes, very large and fine; branches of olives, oranges, etc. We give the following individual exhibits: A. T. Hatch, Suisun Valley—Fine display in glass bottles, of one hundred and ninety-one varieties of almonds; also three varieties of English walnuts; one box of Esta Buena pears, weighing one and a half pounds each; also one box of Japanese persimmons and oranges, all grown without irrigation. W. Cantelon, Vacaville, had on exhibition an orange-tree, the roots of which are imbedded in soil in a large barrel. It is over twelve feet high, and appears full of fruit, though considerable was shaken off while transporting it. The tree is fresh as if growing, and Mr. Cantelon shipped it to Chicago, to be placed on exhibition in that city. He also had other exhibits of budded oranges, in clusters and in boxes, and of lemons. J. R. Wolfskill—Very fine exhibit of olive oil, bottled and in kegs; nine boxes of seedling oranges, two boxes of olives, six large bunches of dates of commerce, three boxes of pecans, also several clusters; several bottles of brandy, made in 1859; new wine; numerous clusters of oranges, olives, pecans and walnuts; one box of persimmons, two boxes of raisins; nine yams, filling two boxes, some weighing fifteen pounds; numerous branches of date-palm, olives and other tropical fruits. The boast of Solano's representatives at the fair was:

"We need no irrigation; we plant our vines and trees without irrigation; they grow, and our fruits ripen earlier than elsewhere in the State without irrigation." Solano's southern border is San Pablo Bay, the Straits of Carquinez and Suisun Bay, thus accounting for sufficient moisture. The Sacramento River also forms a part of its eastern boundary. A writer in the "Resources of California," says: "Solano County contains 576,570 acres, embracing marsh or tule, table and hill land mainly. The heaviest wheat and hay crops in the State are raised in Solano. As high as sixty bushels of wheat to the acre have been produced. The average yield is twenty-five to thirty bushels. Vegetables grow to an enormous size, but it is early deciduous fruits for which Solano has become so famous. It is ascertained to be the home of citrus fruits also; the orange, lemon, lime, fig, olive, etc., growing to perfection. Vacaville is the earliest fruit belt in California. The Vacaville fruit district, taking in Putah Creek, Capay, and other small valleys, sends the earliest fruits and vegetables to the San Francisco markets, and makes the first shipments of fruits to the East. This fruit is noted for its hard, sound, keeping qualities. For this reason the Vacaville grapes are shipped East in large quantities. There are more than 2,000 acres in this vicinity, and a large acreage will be set to vines and trees, deciduous and citrus, the present winter. Several railroads traverse Solano County, giving it great commercial facilities, both by land and water." 4. Artesian Well in Tulare County, Central California—the most southern in the group, and one of the most interesting counties in the State, from the fact that the only grazing was carried on within its borders ten years ago. The well shown in the engraving is on Paige & Morton's Ranch; it is a seven-inch bore, and is 450 feet deep. There are 210 of these flowing artesian wells in Tulare County, which have a total flow every twenty-four hours of 27,173,430 gallons. The writer visited this section of Central California during the winter of 1886, and tarried two days among the Tulare County wells, during which he was driven one hundred miles and saw sixty flowing wells. Paige & Morton have now three wells besides the one shown; one of 320 feet, seven inches in size, and two inches in flow, in section 8, township 20, range 24; another is 330 feet, seven inches in size, and two-inch flow, in section 13, township 20, range 23; and a third of 390 feet, seven inches in size, and 1½ inch flow, in section 7, township 20, range 24. Messrs. Paige & Morton have about 3,000 acres of excellent land in all, portions of which were formerly Government and railroad lands, which they purchased for a mere song, of course; but which are worth now, with these four flowing wells, at least from \$35 to \$50 an acre. The neighboring country is much like that extending from San Mateo to Gilroy, upon the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, being either level or slightly rolling, and dotted all over with oaks, from which fuel and fencing are easily obtained. In 1885 these farmers raised 500 acres of Egyptian corn, which yielded 20 sacks to the acre, and sold for \$1.40 per hundred on the ground. The firm used the greater part of it, however, for feed for horses and hogs. The reader will bear in mind that in raising Egyptian corn (which is fed to horses in place of barley in California) all that has to be done is to wet the ground once (if it does not rain just as the farmer wants it) for plowing and planting, after which no further irrigation and not much work is needed. Messrs. Paige & Morton also produced a good deal of millet the same year, the seeds and roots of which are greedily devoured by hogs, while seed for planting brings 25 cents a pound on the ranch. They also have 1,200 acres of alfalfa, part of which they feed green and part make into hay, for sale and for feed. Besides a good many horses and cattle, these men have 5,000 sheep and 3,000 hogs, all of which are fed on alfalfa, which is cut four times a year. This ranch is about two miles and a little over from the railway station at Tulare. The writer met E. W. S. Woods, a practical farmer of long experience in California and elsewhere, who informed him that one acre of alfalfa, with facilities for watering from artesian wells, will keep three cows or three horses a year. He said that during 1885 he had cut between five and six tons of alfalfa (clover) hay per acre. He cut it three times during the season, and then let all kinds of stock run on it for nearly three months. He does not consider that his land is quite so rich as most of the land in the same section, and will put a good portion of it, as soon as he can, to vines, fruit and grain. All the farmers hereabout declare that one acre of alfalfa properly watered and properly cut will feed from eight to ten sheep either for wool or for market. There is no telling how many hogs may be raised to the acre, as they are only allowed to run on it during the early Spring and Fall. Hogs are fed on alfalfa, hay and corn a few weeks before sending them to market, which alone puts them in good marketing condition. Hogs will pay as an adjunct of a dairy better than in any other way, because they will get fat on the alfalfa left by all other animals (except sheep) and the offal of a dairy. Forty acres of alfalfa will maintain eighty well-bred cows a year, and assure a constant and copious flow of rich butter and cheese-yielding milk for at least ten months in the year from each cow. It is a noteworthy fact that, while many varieties of hay and forage plants may arrest the flow of milk, alfalfa and alfalfa hay seem to excite and stimulate the functions of lactal supply. A great many owners of wells are already preparing to go into the dairy business, it promises so well. It is well known that there are fields of alfalfa in Mussel Slough and Visalia Swamp that regularly yield from eight to ten tons of hay per acre per annum; and it is fair to assume that the yield in this section, when the plant becomes fully rooted, and its care in cutting and watering is more perfect, will be fully as heavy as it can be shown to be anywhere in the State. This part of the San Joaquin Valley is beginning to show indications of a settlement by a first-rate class of people, as the lands are very cheap, and there is artesian water, water, almost everywhere, and all that can be drunk by either man, beast, tree, grass, flower or shrub. But if this is a pretty good exhibit of what may be done, let us proceed to Miss Mattie Smith's well, in section 2, township 23, range 24, which is 550 feet deep, and has a 5½-inch flow over an 8-inch casing. This is the finest artesian well ever seen in California,

and is situated near the eastern boundary of the section, 100 yards away from two very pretty and level quarter-sections, which Mr. Smith, the father of the young lady who owns the well, had purchased, and distant from Tipton Station about eight miles, or from Tulare eighteen. Miss Mattie Smith is a schoolteacher, and owns 160 acres, which she took up in September, 1882. This well cost \$1,060, and took thirty-one days to complete. The day that the water came up Miss Smith's father gave a man \$1,200 for the possessory claim to the northeast quarter of section 2, or \$7.50 per acre—all of the railroad and Government lands immediately having been taken, the former at uniform rates of \$4.50 an acre. The \$1,060 included all expenses, such as hauling the casing from the railroad station, board for four men and feed for horses thirty-one days. When the writer visited this well Mr. Smith and son had eight horses plowing, they having about constructed enough ditches to distribute the water pretty well over 320 acres. So, while Miss Mattie teaches the young idea how to shoot at the Woodville school, her father and big brother are cultivating the land purchased from her salary as teacher. Tulare County is very opulent, and could take care of a million people; instead, it has less than 30,000. It lies near the upper end of the great San Joaquin Valley, and in its 4,100,000 acres is an empire of wealth. It is bounded on the north and west by Fresno County, east by Inyo and south by Kern. Its population in 1880 was 11,281, and in 1887 estimated at \$21,000. The assessed valuation of property was then \$5,204,777. It is now over \$11,000,000. Its most remarkable success is owing to the subdivision of its lands into small farms, 20 and 40 acres each, and the boring of artesian wells and the construction of large irrigating canals. The immigration into this paradise for farmers is very great, and the population and wealth of the county must double at least during the next five years. Only a few years ago, before the great Southern Pacific Railroad Company sent its flying trains through this wondrous valley, the people lived frugally, as in a new Arcadia, "Where the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance." But the picture has changed by railway communications, and now the owners of land are swiftly advancing to the rank of millionaires. In the foothills oranges thrive well, and Tulare oranges took the first prize at the citrus fair at San Diego in 1886. No country on the face of earth can produce a greater variety of profitable crops than the Tulare Valley, including the foothills and small valleys in the mountains of that county. Wheat, barley, oats, rye, Indian and Egyptian corn, sorghum, millet, broomcorn, cotton, flax, alfalfa, clover and other tame grasses are here to be found growing with as great luxuriance as could be wished for. Vegetables, such as onions, lettuce, turnips, parsnips, carrots, beets and tomatoes can be grown so as to have them fresh every month in the year, while green-corn, peas, string-beans, cabbage, melons, cucumbers, etc., are in the market from one to two months earlier and from two to three months later than in the Eastern States. Irish and sweet potatoes are not strangers to the table at any season of the year, and of fruit not a kind of deciduous can be named that will not flourish there, and grapes grow to marvelous size and possess great sweetness. Some of the statements are deemed fabulous by those who never saw Tulare grapes on the vine. From a soil 100 feet deep the vine makes an astonishing growth. A single specimen raised by B. F. Moore is a surprising illustration of the productiveness of the soil of Tulare. Mr. Moore gathered from a four-year old vine of Muscat grapes 300 pounds of fruit. On one branch of this vine, only 12 inches in length, was a single cluster that weighed 21 pounds; on another branch 17 inches long was another cluster weighing 19 pounds. These specimen growths are well authenticated by various parties. The famous grapes of Eschschol were nothing in comparison to those of Tulare; and the Valley of the Nile, so celebrated for its fertility, is not for a moment to be compared to that of Tulare County. Twenty acres of land in the irrigated portion of Tulare County will yield more hay, make more beef, butter, cheese and pork than any 100 acres of farming land in Iowa or Kansas. Tulare Lake, in the western part of the county, receives the surplus waters not used for irrigation. Water in abundance comes out of the grand snow-covered Sierra Nevada Mountains on the east, and flows through this opulent land, bringing fertilizing material through all the year into this valley of happiness. Among the streams are the Kern, Kaweah, Tule, White and Kings Rivers, Deer, Elk, Outside, Cameron and Cross Creeks. In addition to these copious streams, there are 200 flowing artesian wells, that supply a vast amount of water for irrigation and domestic use. The soil is generally sandy loam, with here and there streaks of clayey soil and some adobe. The whole of it produces grain in abundance that taxes the capacity of the warehouses of Tulare City and the Tulare Mills to the utmost. These have a capacity of 750,000 bushels, and do an enormous business. 5. Plow-Teams Leaving for Work. These teams plow from five to seven acres per day each, according to depth of soil. 6. Combined Harvester at Work. These combined harvesters cut, thresh and sack 60 acres per day each, and are operated each by thirty-two mules and five men. These two views are upon the ranch of Charles H. Huffman, whose residence is one mile from the town of Merced, Merced County, Central California. This gentleman has two wheat-fields, of 10,000 acres each. His combined harvesters are wonders, and are a California invention. Each is moved by 32 mules, all of them over 16 hands high, and purchased in St. Louis, at from \$250 to \$300 each. These machines cut down a swath of 24 feet, cleaner than any other apparatus, thresh it, clean it and sack it, each machine swallowing up sixty acres of stalk per day, and sacking the grain at the rate, according to the yield, of from 30 to 90 sacks an hour. These slide out of the mill part of the harvester and are picked up by a wagon which accompanies the two concerns. These 20,000 acres of land are only a small portion of Mr. Huffman's possessions, for he is monarch of all he surveys. Surface water of a good kind is obtainable all over Merced County, at from 30 to 150 feet, and almost every farm has its surface well and windmill. There are some few artesian



1. GENERAL VIEW OF CAPAY VALLEY, YOLO COUNTY. 2. TOKAY GRAPEVINE. 3. FIG ORCHARD. 4. LOADED ORANGE-TREE. 5. JAPANESE PERSIMMON-TREE, ALL IN CAPAY VALLEY, CENTRAL CALIFORNIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TABER, OF SAN FRANCISCO.
SEE PAGES 322, 323, 326 AND 327.



1. KOHLER & FROHLING'S WINE-CELLAR, IN SONOMA COUNTY. 2. EDGE HILL VINEYARD, IN NAPA COUNTY. 3. MISSION SAN JOSÉ VINEYARD, IN ALAMEDA COUNTY.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TABER, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

SEE PAGES 322, 323, 326 AND 327.

wells here and there, but these are principally located on the Chowchilla Ranch, where there are fifteen flowing wells, with depths of from 175 to 233 feet, with diameter of pipe varying from six to eight inches. These fifteen wells flow, respectively, as follows: 58,642 United States standard gallons every twenty-four hours; 61,817; 40,811; 43,211; 64,817; 162,043; 14,404; 181,918; 43,211; 4,800; 259,270; 51,613; 230,875; 86,422 and 40,811. These wells were all bored for the use of stock, and at present are used partly for that purpose and partly for purposes of production of grasses and grain—but generally for the use of the stock which roam over the Chowchilla Ranch. The writer visited this section of California during the Summer of 1885, and was driven all over Merced County, and made notes of his impressions under date of September 1st, as follows: "Merced County is one of the most healthful and delightful portions of the State, and lies in what is known as Central California. There are many who are aware of the fact, of course, that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company received no lands in this most desirable section of California, its land grant commencing at Goshen, Tulare County; so that, out of a total of 1,250,000 acres, 1,155,336 acres were public or Government lands. The area of private or Mexican grants covered the Orestimba, 10,166 acres; Rancho de San Juan y los Carrisallitos, 22,175 acres; San Luis Gonzaga, 24,321; and the Sanjon de Santa Rita, 48,000—104,663 acres in all. This vast area, as has been heretofore stated, was almost wholly occupied by cattle, horses and sheep, and other animals, as late as twenty years ago, with here and there some few homesteads and cultivated tracts, especially upon the west side. Now, nearly all is changed. The *rodeo* is no more, and the branding-iron has given way to the plowshare. Improved breeds of cattle and horses may now be seen, here and there in inclosures, where once the long horns of the Mexican steer and the upturned heels of the unbridled mustang continually met one's gaze. In riding about Merced hundreds of farmers may be seen to-day, where a single *vaquero* greeted a wayfarer twenty years ago. This state of things, and many others of common interest and agreeable nature, are due, partly, to the railroad, which runs through the county from northwest to southeast, a distance of 36.75 miles, and partly to the sturdy agriculturist, who quickly followed in the wake of the iron horse, and with his improved implements of tillage commenced to cultivate the productive soil. And right here it is well enough to add that much of the soil of Merced County is as rich as it is possible for soil to be, and the greater portion of it rich enough and strong enough for successive crops for possibly fifty years. Near the line of Stanislaus County there is a considerable stretch of sand, which is not strong enough for some cereals, but is good enough for vines. There is also a number of gravelly stretches which contain strong soils, but which are somewhat difficult to work. Most of the land, however, will produce fruits, grains, grapes and vegetables in abundance, with proper conditions of watering. For instance: A good rainfall during the Winter months insures splendid crops of grasses and grains; few and small precipitations are followed by smaller returns. The principal productions of Merced County are, about in the order presented: Wheat, barley, rye, Indian corn, alfalfa, hops, potatoes, butter, cheese, cotton, cattle, sheep, mules, horses, hogs and some fruit, including almonds, walnuts, oranges and lemons. Paramount above all other considerations, and most especially throughout San Joaquin Valley, is the subject of irrigation, or how to catch and control and distribute the vast volumes of water which, uninterruptedly, pour from the snow-capped Sierra, so that every man who owns a piece of land may secure a proper share. The San Joaquin Valley has been termed by many writers the 'Lombardy of California.' So it is, and the Sierra Nevada Mountains are its Alps. There is a similarity of scenery, climate and soil. The mountains and the rivers of the two sections are not unlike each other. Lombardy slopes from the mountains to the River Po; the San Joaquin Valley trends similarly. The Alps overlook their picturesque plains from heights of from 4,000 to 8,000 feet; the Sierra, rise as majestically over the vaster domain at their base. The Po and its tributaries, in conjunction with some five or six lakes, feed the thousands of miles of irrigating canals which spread over Lombardy and make it one of the richest and most flourishing sections of country in the world, supporting more than three millions of people, or nearly five hundred to the square mile, and producing annually 40,000,000 gallons of wine, 3,000,000 bushels of wheat, 6,000,000 pounds of rice, and 60,000,000 pounds of cheese; having exported as much as \$14,000,000 worth of silk in a single year; and having had within its limits, a few years ago, 500,000 cattle, 75,000 horses, 15,000 mules, 100,000 sheep, and about the same number of hogs. All this magnificent reflection from a small area in Northern Italy is due to the systematic irrigation of what without such means would have remained a partially arid domain, alike uninviting to man and beast the year round. It is only a matter of time, however, when the same glowing picture may be painted of the San Joaquin Valley; the facilities for spreading a network of artificial streams over the gently sloping area—about eight feet to the mile—are everywhere delineated; while the flow of natural running water from the Sierra, if promptly taken and controlled, could be made to baptize every acre of valley lying between Mount Diablo and Tehachepi Pass, and make the whole section to blossom as the rose. Merced County lies in the shadow of a part of the Sierra, and contains 1,250,000 acres of land. Piedmont, which is an extension of Lombardy, is overlooked by the Alps, and contains 1,300,000 acres. The climate and atmospheric conditions of the two countries are similar. The natural opportunities for artificial irrigation are much the same. There are less than one hundred miles of canals and ditches in Merced, and only a few of its inhabitants enjoy perfected privileges of irrigation. Piedmont has 4,000 miles of canals and ditches, and there are a few farms only that cannot have a copious supply of water, the amount required being 8,000 gallons per second, at a cost to the farmers of \$3,000,000 per annum. Merced has a population of 8,000, while Piedmont, with only 50,000 acres more than Merced, contains a population of 2,600,000. There is

a man living in Merced named Huffman. He was clerk in a store in St. Louis when Ralston steambated on the Mississippi. He came to California in 1849, and for many years lived in Stockton and made extensive purchases of grain for Friedlander. Upon the death of the latter Huffman bought and sold land in the neighborhood of the town of Merced, and after many successful speculations repurchased thousands of acres of the very lands he had sold, and retained them. He has upon several occasions cleared \$100,000 from a single crop of wheat. Some three or four years ago Huffman visited Merced Falls and the higher waters of the Merced River, and then followed the noble stream down to a point where it dashed into its subterranean course and was seen no more. The thought struck him then and there that if all that water, which had come all the way from the Yosemite, and had dashed out of sight upon the very rim of half a million acres of excellent lands, could be saved and turned upon that thirsty domain, it would be instrumental in developing all the resources of Merced County and in time support a population of at least 100,000 people. Shortly after this, Huffman went to San Francisco, and one day met Charles Crocker, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. He stated what he had seen and what he thought, and the railroad man lent a willing ear. 'The facilities for irrigating at least 400,000 acres of choice lands,' said Huffman, 'are unequalled.' Then he went on to say that, with a canal which should connect with the Merced River where it springs out of the granite foothills, enough water could be obtained to convey all over a vast section of fertile plains, and in a short time enrich the county a hundredfold. 'How much will this cost?' inquired Crocker. 'A million dollars,' responded Huffman, and Crocker replied, 'Go on with the work.' Mr. Huffman seemed to fully understand the laconic instructions of Mr. Crocker, and at once returned to his 'land of promise.' On the 1st day of March, 1883, work was commenced upon the main ditch, which, with its branches, has already assumed proportions of vastness. Last week, by invitation of J. V. Drake, the Superintendent of the work, I took a drive by the quickest roads up to the headquarters of the canal and returned by way of the canal. I learned from Mr. Drake that operations had been kept up almost continually since its commencement, and that between three hundred and five hundred men and half as many animals had been almost constantly kept at work; that the canal taps the Merced River at a point a short distance above where water for the Farmers' Canal was taken out, at a curve in an abrupt bluff along the first terrace of foothills, in the northeastern part of the county, and meanders in a southwesterly direction; that the whole length of the canal and its branches, when completed, will be upward of seventy-five miles, and that it will at least carry water enough to irrigate nearly three hundred thousand acres of land in Merced County and quite seventy-five thousand acres in Fresno, much of which is of very little account without water; that the main canal for a distance of eight miles is carried well up on enough elevation to give it the fall required, and that it is one hundred feet wide at the top, seventy feet at the bottom, and carries ten feet of water, or 3,400 cubic feet per second; that, at a point six miles below the river, the canal passes through a tunnel under a hillock of solid rock 1,600 feet in length, or, with its approaches, 4,400 feet; that the general grade of the canal is one foot to the mile, except through the tunnel and its approaches, which is some ten feet to the mile; that, as a general thing, the canal is thirty feet wider at the top than at the bottom, thus sloping the sides at such angles as to prevent cave or wash; that no projections have been left anywhere along the sloping of the embankment to obstruct the flow of water, or mar the symmetry of construction; and that there is a splendid macadamized road, twelve feet in width, upon the upper side of the canal, made from the earth and gravel taken out, except where the water passes through the tunnel, which is a romantic drive through the bowels of the earth. I drove down upon this road to where there is being constructed a huge dam or reservoir, eight miles from the headgate at the river. Here were hundreds of men at work with plows and scrapers and drills for a distance of several miles in different directions, and camps upon every side. From this dam, or reservoir, there are, in an unfinished state, three branches; or a continuation of the main canal and two branches. Of this latter there is the north branch, which will be about twenty-five miles in length, and will reach a large portion of excellent country all along its line and in and around Livingstone—formerly Cressy Station. This north branch will carry 1,000 cubic feet of water per second. The middle branch, or continuation, which already carries 1,000 cubic feet of water per second its entire length, which is about fifteen miles, traverses a fine section of country for most of its distance, in a southwesterly direction and crosses the railroad track some five miles northwest of Merced. This middle branch, upon leaving the dam, meanders the bed of a 'dry creek,' so called, for most of its distance, and might seem to have been created for the purpose for which it is now being used. It is interesting to note that among the many places reached by this middle branch, or continuation, is what is known as the 'Buhach Ranch,' owned by a well-known Californian named J. D. Peters, a resident of Stockton. I visited this very beautiful place on Sunday, and found it to be a veritable oasis, indeed. It had been selected—judging from the neighboring country—from what must have very much resembled a sand heap, but which, however, through the agency of water from a number of mills, has been transformed into a miniature Eden. I found this to be the farm upon which is produced the *Pyrethrum cinerarifolium* plant, whose flower contains a deadly poison to the *Pulex irritans* and other insectivorous pests, which is pulverized at the company's works at Stockton, and sent out as 'Buhach' to a suffering world. There are 1,500,000 of these plants in one plat. There are also 20,000 fruit trees of the choicest varieties that the Golden State is capable of producing, including many semi-tropical fruits, almonds and Dalmatian figs, in fruit. There are 90,000 of the choicest varieties of wine and raisin grapes, and other vines, and shrubbery and

flowers of all kinds. Around the place is a rabbit-proof fence of five miles and 130,000 ornamental wind-break trees, and 600,000 fruit and ornamental trees in the nursery. Water was running all over the place, and I learned from the man in charge that there were thirty miles of lateral and distributing ditches upon the farm, and that the water used at present comes from the middle branch of the Merced Canal and Irrigation Company's Canal. The south branch, which in reality may be considered a portion of the main canal, will be twenty-five miles in length when carried to its termination, and will carry 1,500 feet of water per second. It will be ninety feet wide at the top, fifty feet at the bottom, and have a depth of eight feet of water. This branch follows along the foothills for some distance after leaving the ridge near the Atwater Home Ranch, then passes to the north and east of the Six-mile House, and then again follows the foothills to a point east of Hooper's Ranch, and reaches Bear Creek near Montgomery's Grove, and then meanders south to the Chowchilla River. There is a tunnel in this branch which is nearly constructed, 2,200 feet in length, under a gravelly foothill. It will readily be seen by a glance at a map of Merced County what a large section of country for many miles east of Merced and around Athlon and Plainsburg may be brought under cultivation by irrigation through the influences of this southern branch. The town of Merced, too, will be directly benefited in time, as it is the intention of the owners of the canal, if met in a public-spirited way by the property-holders of said town, to lay off a reservoir of four hundred acres at a point about seven miles northeast from Merced. This reservoir will have a depth of thirty feet, and will have an elevation above the town it is intended to supply of ninety feet, and connect with it by means of a foot pipe, which will be large enough for all purposes for many years. This branch has reached the above point, and is being pushed rapidly towards its terminus at the Chowchilla River. There has already been expended over \$700,000 on this vast undertaking, and it is understood that it will require at least \$300,000 more and a year's time to complete it fully. Water will be turned in which will run through nearly sixty miles of canal in a month or two, however, from which two hundred thousand acres may be irrigated; and it is understood that a number of the fine tracts of land which lie in proximity to this grand work will soon be cut up into homestead tracts and small farms and sold upon easy terms, including permanent rights for the use of water." [The writer of the above may add that the canals have all been completed, and in a short time the lands that can be irrigated from their waters will be put into farms and homestead tracts and sold to newcomers at low prices, a quarter or a third down, balance on long time and prevailing low rates of interest. So, it will not be many years before Merced County will have systems of irrigation such as have made Los Angeles and other northern counties so productive, populous and prosperous.] While in this section of Central California the writer must mention some few facts concerning Fresno County, which lies along the Southern Pacific Railroad, between Merced and Tulare. It is the third largest county in the State, and contains nearly 8,000 square miles, or about 5,000,000 acres, and twelve years ago was only known as a grazing county and not considered the very best in California at that. It lies in the San Joaquin Valley, and has about 2,000,000 acres, of level or slightly rolling lands, all of which are admirably adapted to the cultivation of either the wine or raisin grape. This agricultural part lies between the Sierra Nevada and Coast (or Sierra Madre) Mountains, and is meandered by inexhaustible rivers from the Sierra Nevadas, and may not be inaptly termed the Piedmont of California—and greatly resembles that matchless country topographically and in many other ways, except in the extent of population and diverse industries. During the past ten years Fresno County has been transformed from a strictly cattle and sheep section into one of the most desirable agricultural tracts in the State. It has a remarkably fine climate, and there are few days in the year when a man may not perform work in his shirt-sleeves out-of-doors. The nights are generally cool the year round; and though the mercury sometimes coquets with numerals near the one hundred mark during the four or five months denominated Summer in the San Joaquin Valley, no case of sun-stroke has ever been reported, and the man who has labored in the field or in the shop all day may generally seek his couch for rest and sleep with his blanket thrown around him. This, however, is one of the climatic features of all parts of California. A large portion of the soil of Fresno County is an alluvial or volcanic alluvial deposit, and is an accumulation of unknown thousands of years. Much of it looks like the red soil of New Jersey, although it is much more gravelly and porous than that of the State above alluded to. It is capable of marvels of productiveness, and has been known to yield as much as 70 bushels of wheat, 600 bushels of potatoes or 16 tons of grapes to the acre. All the citrus family and other fruits thrive, while the olive, fig, pomegranate, apricot, nectarine and prune do particularly well; as well, say, as the apple, pear, quince, and plum, which grow in abundance. This is in great part owing to the exceeding richness of the gravelly loam which has come down from the mountains at least since Adam and Eve met in Eden, and partly because this rich deposit rests deeply on a subsoil of a still more gravelly and sandy character. Fresno County has been blessed with magnificent streams of water which come from the everlasting and ever-accumulating snows of the 14,000-foot peaks which stand out from the high Sierra like sentinels; and, after the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, these streams have been artificially turned into a network of streamlets and distributed over half a million of acres, and dotted over this half-million of acres are villages and farms, orange-groves and vineyards, where only about ten years ago the longhorn and the Spanish merino were the only objects of life that could be met with in a day's ride through the county. To-day, however, this same Fresno, while not the largest county, has much more land assessed than any other in the State—1,854,341 acres. In 1866 the assessment of property amounted to \$838,713; in 1876, just after the building of the

Southern Pacific Railroad, it was assessed at \$8,292,918, and last year it was \$14,130,118. The yield from all the industrial interests of Fresno County for 1886 was as follows: Three million three hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-five bushels of wheat, worth \$2,200,000; 250,000 bushels of barley and 50,000 bushels of corn, 5,000 sacks of wool, 50,000 sheep, 10,000 beef cattle, 250,000 boxes of raisins, and 2,000,000 gallons of wine and brandy. And the reader must remember that only a little more than twelve years ago a wayfarer might have been stranded in this same vast domain and have perished from hunger, so far as finding a wayside inn, or even a habitation, was concerned.

Page 324 presents: 1. General View of Capay Valley; 2. Tokay Grapevine; 3. Fig-trees; 4. Loaded Orange-tree; 5. Japanese Persimmon-tree, all in Capay Valley. This wonderful section of country lies in Yolo County, Central California, close up to that other marvel, Vaca Valley, which has been elaborately described in the foregoing, and handsomely embellished by pictures from photographs by Taber & Co., of San Francisco. Touching briefly upon this wonderful Valley of Capay, whose Winters and Summers are alike tempered by the evening breezes from the Pacific and morning zephyrs from the Sierra Nevadas and spurs of the Coast Range, and where every man may literally live under his own vine and fig-tree, the writer would call particular attention to all who are seeking homes in the Golden State to the fact that, prior to the location of the line of the Woodland, Capay and Clear Lake Railroad, the Capay Valley Land Company, a corporation composed chiefly of the Directors and Officers of the Southern Pacific Company, purchased on the line of the proposed road—and chiefly in Capay Valley itself, through which the road is being extended from Madison, in Yolo County—several large bodies of the choicest lands to be found in that beautiful and fertile valley. The construction of the Woodland, Capay and Clear Lake Railroad is being pushed with great energy, and will reach very early completion. The line of this road passes immediately through the lands owned by the Capay Valley Land Company, which lands will be immediately subdivided into small tracts, several town sites established, and the lands and the town property placed on the market. Capay Valley is located on the western side of Yolo County, and is one of the most fertile and picturesque valleys on the Pacific Coast. The lands in this valley have heretofore been owned in large holdings; the growing of wheat has been the chief agricultural industry, which, owing to the great fertility of the soil, the warmth and salubrity of the climate, the heavy annual precipitation of rain, and the perfect protection which the configuration of the valley affords against north winds, has proven highly profitable. At intervals, however, throughout the valley, orchards may be seen, and these experiments in the line of horticulture have demonstrated the full capabilities of the valley for the growth of all citrus, semi-tropical and temperate fruits. Orange and lemon trees of most thrifty growth may be seen in the gardens and orchards. Grapes, apricots, figs, pears, cherries, almonds, peaches, and all the other fruits to be found in the most favored localities, reach here the greatest perfection. The very earliest fruits and vegetables appearing in San Francisco and other markets are grown in this valley. In respect to early production, Capay Valley ranks fully with, if not superior to, the celebrated Vaca and Pleasant Valleys. This fact alone confers a very high premium upon the lands to be offered. The orchardist, vineyardist and gardener of Capay Valley can place ripe fruits and vegetables in the San Francisco and Chicago markets at the high rate usually obtainable for early fruit, and from four to six weeks in advance of nearly every other portion of the State of California. Under completely analogous conditions in Vaca Valley, lands have reached a valuation of \$600 an acre, and have proven highly profitable investments at that price. The lands to be offered by the Capay Valley Land Company are in all respects equal in fertility, and lie under equal climatic advantages with the most favored orchard and garden lands of the State. One of the leading objects of the purchase of this land by a syndicate of persons interested in the success of the railroad to be constructed was to secure the subdivision of the land into small holdings, and to promote the density of settlement. Keeping this object steadily in view, some of the largest and most fertile tracts will be subdivided into ten and twenty acre lots, and individuals will be strictly limited to the ownership of a single lot. Town sites will be located as near to the centre of the tracts as may be found convenient or judicious, and the purchasers of orchard or garden land in small tracts will be permitted to purchase not to exceed five lots in the town-site plats. In this way it is designed to establish populous and thriving communities, whose growth and prosperity shall be based upon small holdings of very fertile and highly favorable lands. Ten acres of this fertile land lying under climatic conditions so favorable to orchard and garden culture may be made as profitable and responsive to intelligent industry as 160 or 320 acres of land devoted to the growth of cereals. The very early maturity of fruits and vegetables already alluded to will secure to the cultivator the highest market price, while the road to be constructed, being under the management and control of the owners of the land to be offered, will afford every facility for the shipment of fruits and vegetables, and in every respect promote the success of these enterprises. Geographically, Capay Valley lies immediately west of the beautiful and thriving city of Woodland, the county seat of Yolo County. Its trend is northwest and southeast, having a length of twenty-six miles and an average width of three miles. Cache Creek is a very considerable stream of water, even at its lowest stages, and every piece of land offered is either intersected or washed upon one of its boundaries by this stream of clear, pure water. Gardens and orchards may be brought to the highest state of perfection without irrigation. The annual rainfall is abundant for all horticultural purposes, but should irrigation be desired for the purpose of producing more than one crop of vegetables in a single season, or for the purpose of producing perennial crops, abundant water facilities are at hand for that purpose. The line of the Woodland, Capay and Clear Lake Railroad Company is being graded

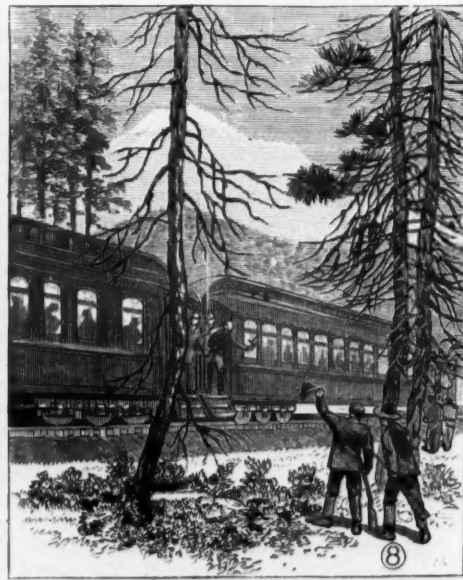
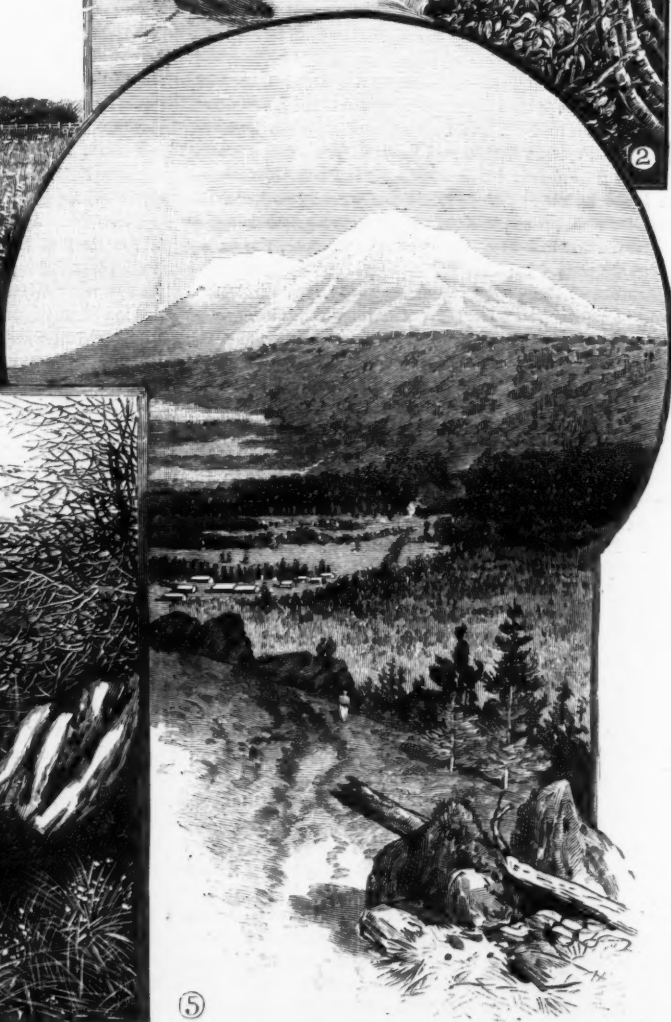
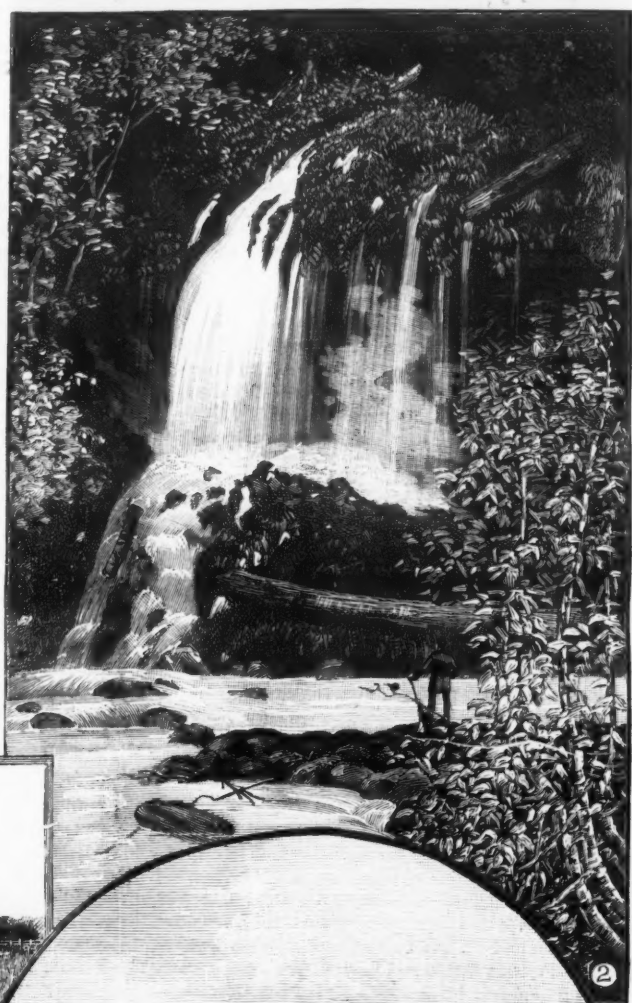
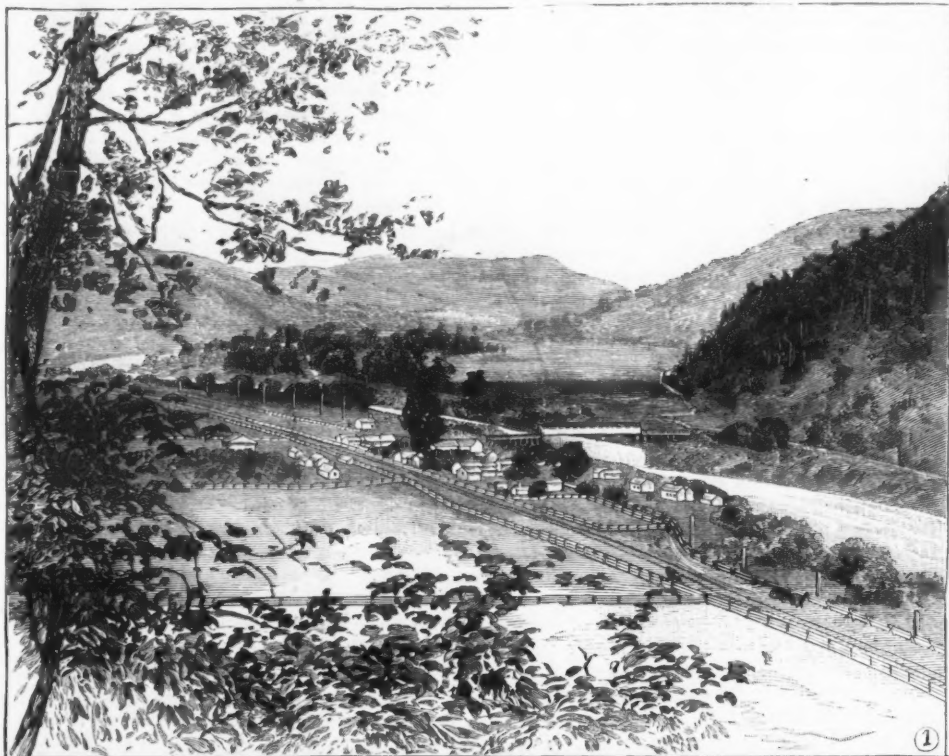
from Madison, the present terminus of the Vaca Valley and Clear Lake Railroad, westward through the valley, and the road will be equipped and in running order at an early day through its entire length. It is the design to offer these lands at rates and upon terms of payment which will afford the highest encouragement to their actual occupation by a large and industrious class of people. Surveys for town sites and subdivisions of these large tracts of land are in progress, and maps of such surveys are in preparation. *For further particulars and for maps and descriptive circulars, or for accurate and immediate information, inquiry is directed to WM. H. MILLS, Land Agent Central Pacific Railroad Company, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.* In this connection it may be stated that negotiations have recently closed whereby Mrs. E. B. Buckingham, of Lagunitas, Yolo County, becomes the purchaser of a tract of 900 acres of land adjoining her property near Vacaville. The property is known as the Butcher Place, having for many years been the residence of William Butcher, a pioneer Californian and an old settler in that district. The purchase has been made in the interest of a number of New York people who propose to colonize the tract, dividing it into small holdings of ten or twenty acres. There are many persons in New York already interested in the plan, among them Henry Potter, the Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, and his daughter, Mrs. Buckingham, has been in correspondence for some time with other persons who desire to become interested in California lands. Bishop Potter has written to Senator Stanford and others relative to the colony plan, and he says there are many enthusiastic residents of the great metropolis who are anxious to enter upon such colony life. The price paid for the property was \$100,000. The land purchased lies west of Vacaville, on a flat plain of excellent soil that extends far up to the low hills that are in view of the town. Some two hundred acres of the property are on the hills. There are 170 acres of the lower land planted in fruit trees of various kinds, including forty acres of prunes.

Upon page 325 is presented: 1. An Interior View of Kohler & Frohling's Wine-cellar, one of the finest and largest in Central California. It is located in Sonoma County, one of the most noted in the State for the production of light red and white wines. Sonoma County produced more than 3,000,000 gallons of wine and brandy in 1886. Most of this wine was Zinfandel and Riesling, which is in good demand, although a number of wineries make fair sherries and palatable Burgundies. The most extensive winemaker in Sonoma County is the firm of Kohler & Frohling (whose eastern agency is at Nos. 41, 43 and 45 Broadway, New York). Its vineyards are mostly near Glen Ellen, and are as neatly and properly conducted as any in the world, probably. And it is here that the firm makes its pure Zinfandel, Gutedel, and Riesling, and some sherry, although most of its sherry and all of its ports are made at the company's (Mission grape) vineyards in Los Angeles. This firm made nearly 300,000 gallons of red and white wine in 1886, which has been already put away in mammoth tanks, not to be drawn from for several years. It ships to New York, and to Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, and other Western cities, two carloads of sweet and dry wines a day on an average. The Kohler & Frohling winery is 200 by 100 feet in size. It is built on rising ground, overlooking the vineyards, and is a little more than a mile from Glen Ellen. It is as neat and clean as care and labor can make it, and smells as sweetly as any newly and nicely swept apartment. The fermenting room is 120 by 100, and is a perfect model of cleanliness and utility; and the same may be said of all the accessories, such as the press-room, engine-room, store-room, stable, cooper-shop, and boarding-houses for the workmen. It is really a lovely place, with lemon, orange, acacia, palm and magnolia trees all around. Another beautiful place at Glen Ellen is that owned by James Shaw, who made 80,000 gallons of wine in 1886. Most of the vineyards in Sonoma are in the centre of the county, surrounding the old town of Sonoma, or lying between that place and Santa Rosa, the county seat. One of the largest wineries in Sonoma is at Santa Rosa, and belongs to Isaac de Turk, who made 300,000 gallons of wine last year. A very attractive winery is that belonging to J. Chauvet, at Glen Ellen, 50 by 100 feet, three stories high, and built of concrete. Mr. Chauvet has a choice lot of vines, from which he made 120,000 gallons of wine last year. One of the largest producers of and dealers in Sonoma wines is J. Gundlach & Co., whose Gutedel, in particular, is highly praised. There are 108 wineries in Sonoma County, and nearly half that number of stills. Sonoma County is one of the most fertile, productive and prosperous counties in the State. It has an area of 1,500 square miles, or 960,000 acres. In 1870, its population was 25,926, and the assessed value of real and personal property was \$15,569,362. In 1886, the population was estimated at 36,000, and the value of taxable property was \$26,677,451. The principal towns are Santa Rosa, the county-seat; Petaluma, Sonoma, Sebastopol, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, Geyserville, Guerneville, Duncan's Mills, Windsor, Bloomfield and Occidental. Sonoma County is noted not only for its fine wines and brandies, but for the excellence of its fruit: 2. Edge Hill Vineyard, in Napa County, one of the prettiest in the State, and the property of Major Scheffler. There are many hundreds of vineyards in Napa County, and thirteen wine-cellars which turned out 5,000,000 gallons of wine in 1877, which are being aged for use in two or three years. A model combination of farm, vineyard and winery is that owned by the Hon. M. M. Estee, one of the leading viticulturists of the State. It is about three and one-half miles from Napa, and is called Hedgeside. It is a beautiful place, and the house is approached through cedars, palms and orange-trees. There are 425 acres of first-class grapes, among which are the leading red and white wine varieties from Germany and France. Mr. Estee's winery is built of stone, and is 150 feet in length by 60 in width, and is two and a half stories high. He has also an excavation connecting with his cellar, and is building another for the storing and aging of fine wines, which, when he gets ready to sell them, he will do only in glass. He has a large amount of finely blended clarets, which he expects will give him no inconsiderable fame when they have been properly aged and

bottled for sale. His winery has a capacity for 300,000 gallons, and it is a model one and no mistake; thus: One end of the upper or fermentation floor is so arranged that it is 18 inches higher than the other, and each side of the floor is 12 inches higher than the two conduits, which are placed lengthwise of the building 12 feet from each wall, and which connect with drainage pipes at the lower end of the building—the object of this being that at the close of each day during the vintage season the floor may be deluged with water and “cleaned down” as if it were the deck of a ship, thus removing all the debris of interior manipulation, such as broken grapes, and skins, and stems, and all “must” that may have overflowed, and all other matter that may have been spilled upon the floor; thus keeping the fermentation room in a state of almost absolute cleanliness and sweetness and freedom from noxious exhalations and gases, and those pests of the fermentation room, vinegar flies, which infest a winery sometimes during the vintage season, and hibernate on broken and decaying grapes and skins, and in time breed infinitesimal worms which lose no time in expanding if the invitations to fatten are indifferently spread about. Napa County has an area of 789 square miles, or 505,000 acres. The lands in this county are among the most fertile in the State, and agriculture, horticulture, viticulture and stock-raising are the leading industries. 3. Mission San José Vineyard, one of the oldest and largest in the State, situated in Alameda County, and the property of Señor Juan Gallegos. It contains half a million vines, many of which were planted 100 years ago by the Spanish missionaries. Señor Gallegos has one of the most extensive wineries in the State, constructed of stone and brick, 240 feet in length and 110 feet in width. It is three stories in height, with corrugated iron roof, in which there are two stories, making in reality five stories in all. The rear of this structure connects with excavations in a hillside 40 feet in depth, where the clarets and ports are stored to age, the temperature only varying from five to eight degrees at any time during the year. Probably the best known vineyard in Alameda County is the one owned by a brother of Senator Stanford, and is called the Warm Springs Vineyard. It is situated in the foothills of a spur of the Coast Range, and its red and white wines have a good sale and are upon the wine lists of a number of hotels, including the famous Hotel del Monte, near Monterey. There are 250 acres of vines in this vineyard, many of which were planted before California became a member of our sisterhood of States. Not much attention has been paid to blending at the Warm Springs Vineyard, but there are 250,000 gallons of the ruby in the cellars that are being aged. Near by is the vineyard of Charles C. McIver, containing 280 acres, and a model winery, with 50,000 gallons of claret stored to age. Alameda lies opposite San Francisco, on the bay of that name, and supplies the metropolis with strawberries, green peas, string beans, lettuce, spinach, cauliflower, celery, etc., every day in the year, all grown out of doors. It also produces all the semi-tropical and other fruits known in California, and is one of the wealthiest and most populous counties in the State.

Upon page 328 is given a variety of scenes in Northern California and Southern Oregon, thus: 1. Rogue River Valley, Oregon, one of the largest, best watered and most productive and beautiful in the Far West. 2. Moss Brae Fall, along the line of the newly completed California and Oregon Railroad. 3. Willamette Valley, Oregon, which has no superior in climate, healthfulness and fertility of soil; and which now, upon the completion of the California and Oregon Railroad, invites settlers to go out and take up lands at cheap rates and long credit, and make for themselves productive farms and charming places to live. 4. Shasta Valley, Northern California, where may be grown all the grains and fruits and vegetables produced in Central California, so far as semi-tropical fruits are concerned; which may be seen by glancing at the report of the second annual citrus fair held in Sacramento in December, 1886, as follows: “Shasta County displays a very fine variety of grains, fruits and minerals, which is a great credit to its enterprising people, as they have only very recently turned their attention to agriculture and horticulture, and thus far only to a limited extent; but its exhibit at this fair proves that it has a mine of wealth beyond its great mineral resources. Shasta's timber resources are almost inexhaustible. The fruits of Shasta are universally celebrated for their fine flavor and keeping qualities. There were fifty-two exhibitors from this county, who made eighty entries. Here were shown five varieties of oranges, seventeen varieties of apples, fifteen varieties of grapes, Muscat raisins, claret wine, prunes, dried apples, canned peaches, nectarines, jellies, Winter pears, three varieties of figs, five varieties of walnuts, two varieties of almonds; Japanese persimmons, several varieties of dried fruits, samples of cotton, peanuts, Eastern artichokes, plum branch in blossom, a Chinese bamboo twenty feet high, with a large variety of cereals and fine vegetables.” 5. Mount Shasta and Strawberry Valley. 6. Last Day's Grading on the California and Oregon Railroad. 7. Last Day's Staging. 8. First Through Passenger Train, via Mount Shasta, from San Francisco to Portland—the celebration of driving the last (or golden) spike having taken place on the 10th instant, in the presence of a vast number of Californians and Oregonians.

While most of the counties in Northern California are mountainous, they are all grain and fruit producing; and, since the completion of the railroad, hundreds of seekers after new homes have located in the hundreds of valleys that exist all along the line of the new thoroughfare, where lands are cheap and productive, and where real Winter holds itself proudly away on the picturesque mountains which stand like grim sentinels on either hand as if to protect the dwellers in the smiling valleys at their feet. There is no more beautiful country in the world to live in than these enchanting valleys in Northern California. Their very atmosphere seems charged with odors from balsamic groves, which mingle with the spices of aromatic shrubs and Hyperborean ferns. As the transparent air of Egypt illuminates the Sphinx and deepens its mystery, so do the sunsets of Northern California bewitch the beholder, as the great canvas not made by hands reflects the rays of the departing orb upon the brown flanks and serrated summits of the colossal ramparts (which tower majestically all around) long after the valleys far beneath have been attired in their quiet evening garb. This is surely a country where Nature continually smiles, and of which Bayard Taylor has written: “The most agreeable zone of climate is that where the olive, fig and orange will grow in the open air. Here the Springs are delicious, the Summers long and with less extremes of heat than ours, the Autumns mild and balmy, and the Winters barely cold enough to brace and stimulate the system. To this zone belong Spain, Italy, Greece, Palestine and Texas. I have visited all except the latter, and unhesitatingly give the preference to California. If a more equable, genial and healthful climate exists, I know not where it is to be found. Here the air, even in Summer, has a dryness and purity which take away all tropical languor from its truly tropical heats. The Winters are green and mild, and the Springs a foretaste of paradise.”



1. ROGUE RIVER VALLEY, SOUTHERN OREGON. 2. MOSS BRAE FALL, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. 3. WILLAMETTE VALLEY, SOUTHERN OREGON. 4. SHASTA VALLEY, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. 5. MOUNT SHASTA AND STRAWBERRY VALLEY, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. 6. LAST DAY'S GRADING ON THE CALIFORNIA AND OREGON RAILROAD. 7. LAST DAY'S STAGING. 8. FIRST THROUGH TRAIN, VIA MOUNT SHASTA, FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO PORTLAND.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AND SOUTHERN OREGON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWARD C. TIBBITTS, OF SAN FRANCISCO.
SEE PAGES 322, 323, 326 AND 327.